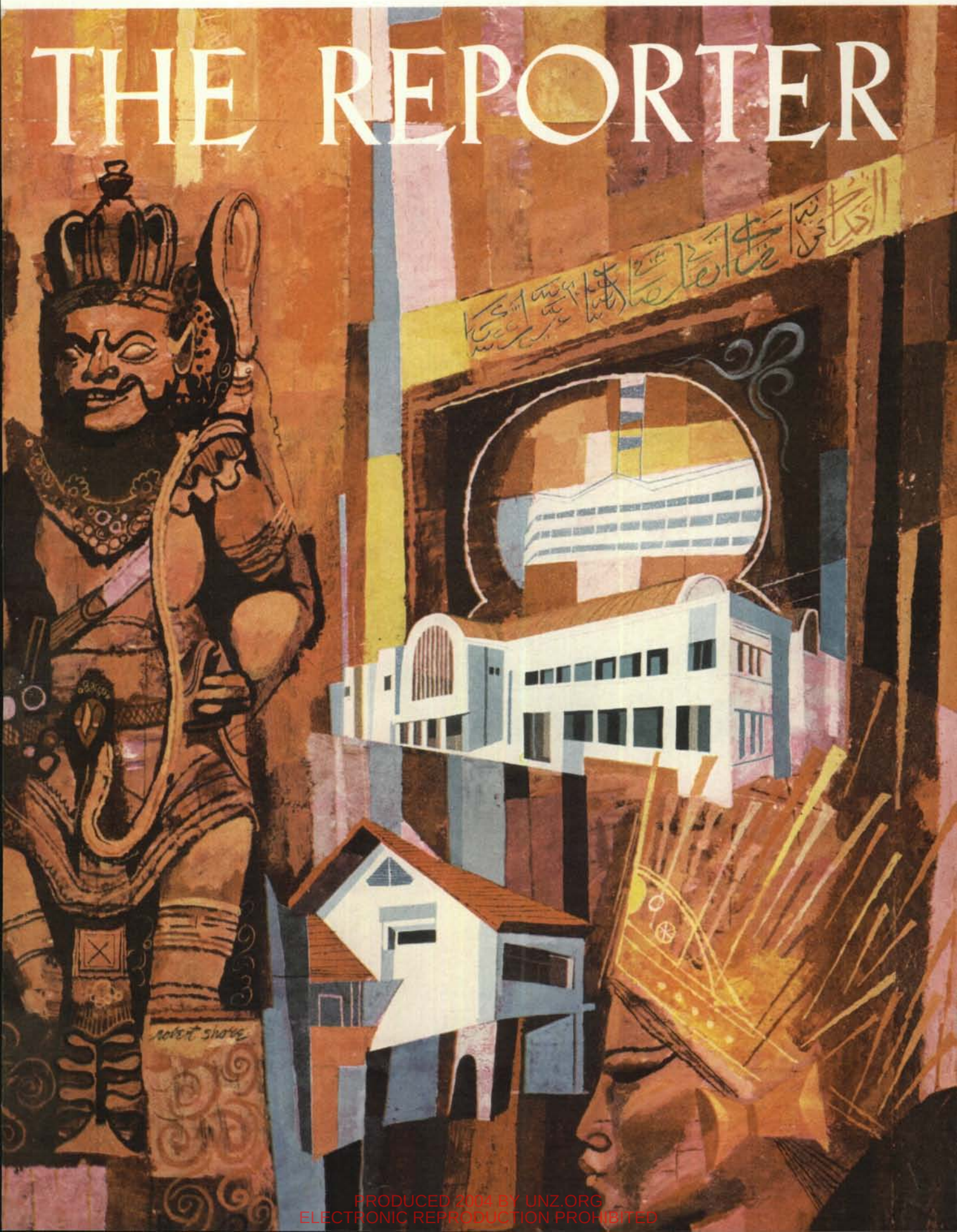
THREE WINDOWS ON RED CHINA

May 19, 1955 25¢

THE REPORTER



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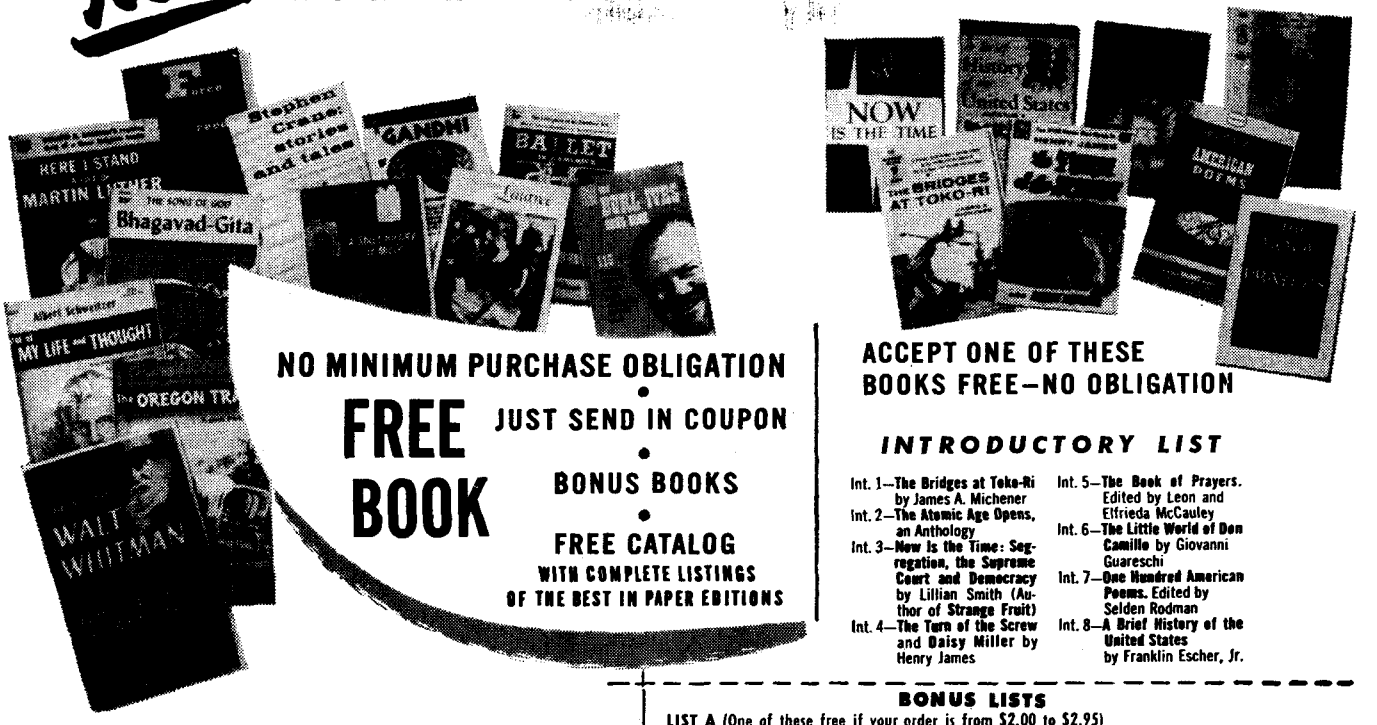

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THE REPORTER'S NOTES

Voluntary Action

Back in the fall of last year the health authorities of the City of New York mobilized their energies to deal with what they knew might soon become the greatest opportunity in preventive medicine in our time—the Salk polio vaccine. While nation-wide tests to prove its effectiveness were still under way, Dr. Leona Baumgartner, the city's Health Commissioner, told the New York *Times* on October 24, 1954, that her office was making plans to protect as many children as possible if the vaccine should prove effective, and had worked out priorities and allocations. After April 12 of this year, when the historic announcement of the vaccine's success was made at Ann Arbor, Michigan, New York City's preparations were complete.

With the news out, we went to Secretary Oveta Culp Hobby's Department of Health, Education, and Welfare in Washington to see whether it had similarly prepared itself for the great event. Unfortunately it seemed that it hadn't. The director of public relations (a portly white-haired man who wanted to be referred to as the "spokesman for the Department" but not by name) told us that aside from arranging photographic coverage of Secretary Hobby signing the licenses for vaccine manufacture, absolutely no plans had been made in advance. "How could we? We had to wait for a Presidential directive, which came two days after the announcement." And why didn't Mrs. Hobby ask for a directive in advance? "Mrs. Hobby is a member of the Team," he bristled. "She doesn't go bursting in before she's invited."

It was not until ten days after the April 12 announcement that Mrs. Hobby's Department held its first conference to deal with the urgent issues of vaccine distribution, allocation of priorities, Federal vs. voluntary controls, and an incipient black market. By that time, something like a panic had spread across the country, caused by the news that the wonder drug was going to remain for some time in extremely short supply. Finally, on the first weekend in May, Mrs. Hobby got around to submitting her recommendations to the President—after four of the precious weeks between the original announcement and the end of the school year had elapsed.

"The Federal government, the only authority capable of exercising national controls, made no serious effort, before the release of the report, to anticipate its responsibilities," the New York *Herald Tribune* charged in a front-page editorial.

But, protested the spokesman for the Department, nobody told us anything. "We thought the Polio Foundation was going to have enough vaccine to take care of all the children."

Why didn't they find out? "On what authority?" he asked smugly. "Mrs. Hobby can't interfere in a contractual arrangement between the Polio Foundation and private enterprise, the six firms that made the vaccine. They could have told her to go to hell." He granted that "rumors" of the vaccine's effectiveness were out a full month before the official report, but "the Department of Health, Education, and Welfare doesn't act on rumors. Why, if we had held a conference in advance, we could have been criticized for helping to spread the rumors."

So the Department did not act. To public-health authorities other than Mrs. Hobby's, the nation-wide tests of the vaccine during 1954, involving nearly two million inoculations, were more than "rumors." When the Eisenhower Administration set up a brand-new Department that for the first time in our history placed matters of national health on a Cabinet level and installed Mrs. Hobby in it, its intention was presumably to devote special governmental attention to health—not just to give a Cabinet position to Mrs. Hobby.

THE DEPARTMENT seems to be interested above all in principles. "Wouldn't it be a wonderful thing," the spokesman asked us, "if Americans could prove to the world that voluntary controls will work?" We thought that an even more wonderful thing would be to eradicate polio.

Is the Department going to crack down on the black market? we asked the spokesman. "We have no information about that directly," he said. "People seem to give those stories to the newspapers instead of to us." Was the Department looking for violators? "Well," he answered, "our medical officers are supposed to report infractions, if they find any. But enforcement, of course, is up to the Department of Justice."

Good News from Oregon

Last February President Henry Schmitz of the University of Washington in Seattle made news when he banned Dr. J. Robert Oppenheimer from lecturing at the invitation of the university's physics department. The Republican chairman of the state senate's Committee on Higher Education applauded this action, but students staged protest meetings on the university campus, other lecturers canceled their appearances, and a scheduled conference of some three hundred

RIVIERA EMPEROR

To destiny I will not bao,
For I would sooner dai
Than leave my croupiers
hai and drai
And ngo to Vietnam nao.

—SEC

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scientists had to be called off when a number of them refused to come, charging that President Schmitz had placed his institution "outside the community of scholars."

The uproar resounded across the country. Two months later in neighboring Oregon—a state which also supports institutions of higher learning and whose administration also leans to the conservative—something occurred involving Dr. Oppenheimer that made no news.

The Oregon State Board of Higher Education invited Dr. Oppenheimer to come out from Princeton and lecture at its campuses at Eugene, Corvallis, and Portland. There he appeared from mid-April to early May. His topic—"The Constitution of Matter"—was not calculated to attract large crowds. His treatment of the subject was so dry and technical that, as a faculty member remarked, probably not more than a small fraction of his listeners could follow it. Still, some 2,500 people turned out in Eugene to hear him and applaud his talk on "The Sub-Nuclear View." Next day, 2,200 came back to hear him go on to "Elements of Order."

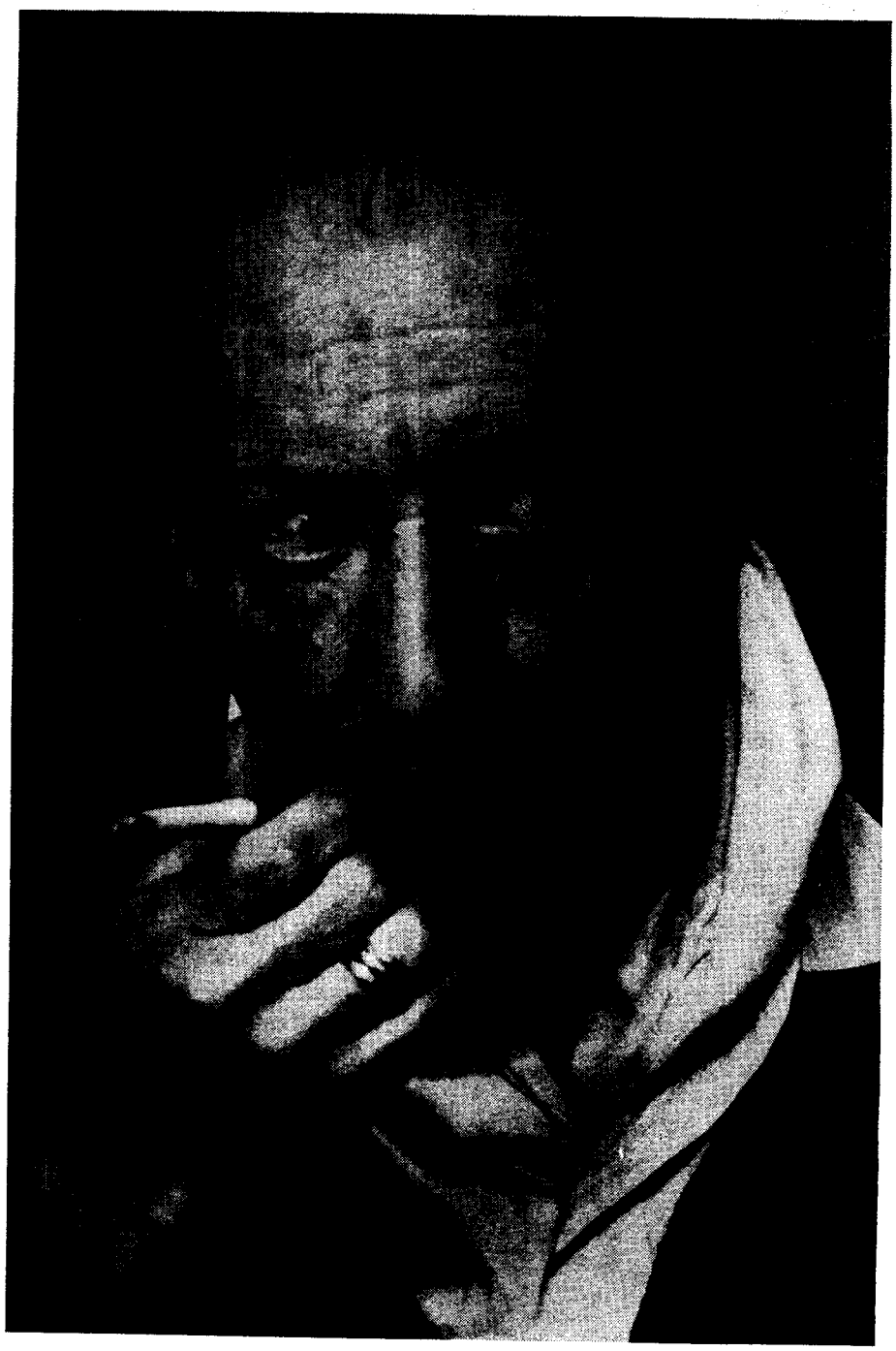
None of this, as far as the national press was concerned, was considered news. No trouble, no ruckus—just thoughtfulness and kindness among students and townspeople. A professor lectured about cosmic abstractions to crowds who found him far above their heads, but who somehow, just by looking at him, felt that the man had a place in their hearts.

New Broom

When a President goes out looking for a man to run an Administration program, the conventional way is to try to find one who is in sympathy with that program and in furthering it. A more unorthodox way is to pick someone who says he knows nothing about the program and has shown that he has little use for it. This seems to be what has happened in the case of the President's recent appointment of John B. Hollister to head the foreign-aid program when it is transferred to State.

Mr. Hollister, a corporation lawyer, first worked in Washington as a three-term Congressman in the 1930's. Then he returned to his

THE SOUND OF GENIUS...



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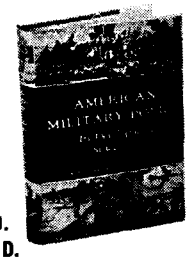

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native Cincinnati as a partner in the late Senator Robert A. Taft's law firm, which he now heads.

To reporters who asked Mr. Hollister what he thought about the proposed $3.5-billion foreign-aid program for the next fiscal year, he replied, "I just don't know enough about the foreign-aid program yet."

The President himself, when asked at a press conference whether he had received any assurance that the man he had picked to run his foreign-aid program was actually in favor of it, simply answered, "No—that is, personally, no."

Secretary Dulles seemed to have somewhat better, if not too precise, information. In a press conference of his own he said that he "had talked it over with Mr. Hollister and had found him 'sympathetic with the objectives of the program as a whole,' although still unacquainted with its details."

Perhaps the President and even Secretary Dulles are unaware that Mr. Hollister has served as executive director of the Hoover Commission, whose task force assigned to study foreign aid produced an unpublished report attacking the whole idea of foreign aid. It may be that Mr. Hollister doesn't agree with the report, doesn't know the details yet, or has since changed his mind. Or maybe he hasn't. Until it is shown that he has, it's almost as if the President had appointed a member of Jehovah's Witnesses to head the Department of Defense.

Off Again, On Again

The firmness with which the Far Eastern experts in the State Department conduct their business is illustrated in their handling of Congressman Adam Clayton Powell, a Negro clergyman from Harlem, who attended the Bandung Conference as an unofficial observer. We print a chronological account without further comment:

January 26. Powell gives speech in the House of Representatives congratulating India on fifth anniversary of establishment of Republic. Notes approaching Afro-Asian Conference at Bandung. Proposes U.S. send all-American team including Negroes.

January 27. Presidential Assistant Max Rabb suggests Powell send letter to White House about proposal.

February 2. Powell's letter mentions certain Negroes, Republicans and Democrats, who would make ideal representatives.

February 16. White House reply is negative. Quotes Assistant Secretary of State George Allen, who said he did not believe anyone should go and hoped Powell could be dissuaded. Powell promptly makes decision to go on his own.

Late February. Powell visited by Assistant Secretary of State Thruston B. Morton and U.S. Chief Counsel from Manila William Lacy. Lacy urges "benevolent indifference" to conference. Says "We've already dissuaded Chester Bowles." Tells Powell he would be *persona*

WEST GERMANY JOINS THE FREE NATIONS

Come in. Sit down. No, there—in the back of the room
Where new boys sit. This is a classroom now
And the teacher is History, with whom
You are not popular. Take your acceptance here
Quietly, deferentially. Allow
For a cool and somewhat wary atmosphere,
Fearful at times. You would do well, in fact,
To refrain from heartiness, and keep both hand
And fist withdrawn. They have attacked
Too often. Leave your boots outside:
They are too new. Above all, keep your pride
Hidden under docility. Work hard, excel
In study and discipline, until the rest,
Marveling at your strength and in its spell
Will call you friend. And then extend your hand,
Smiling in knowledge that a crucial test
Was passed, as planned.

—SEC

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non grata. (Indonesians have already extended him an invitation.) Powell tipped off by others that State Department will send him on two official visits later if he'll cancel trip.

Early March. Second visit from Morton. He tells Powell that if he does go he is to stay away from the U.S. Embassy.

Late March. Morton pays third visit. Powell is told he is *not* to stay away from Embassy because Communists would say it was discrimination against Negroes.

April 8. New York *Times* reports State Department has decided to "co-operate" with Powell's visit. Powell leaves for Indonesia.

April 15. Powell arrives in Indonesia. No one from U.S. Embassy greets him. He learns that the latest policy of State Department is to be "discreet" concerning his visit.

April 17. Powell holds press conference opening day of Afro-Asian Conference. Attacks Communist propaganda about American Negro.

April 20. U.S. Ambassador Cummings invites Powell to be his guest and stay in his home.

May 2. Back in Washington, Powell seeks interview with President to relate certain confidential information picked up at Bandung. Told that White House would try to squeeze him in but not certain when.

Slight Miscalculation

With no notice from outside, the nation's capital has just gone through a special springtime crisis of its own. In April, Washington's Traffic Director, George E. Keneipp, announced that some ten thousand motorists failed to renew their D.C. car registrations, the first decline in many years. The local papers mourned. FEWER TAGS, FEWER TAXPAYERS, wailed the *Evening Star*, and the *Post* editorialized gloomily about OUR ERODING CITY.

Everyone seemed about ready to give up when Keneipp came up with a new announcement early this month. There hadn't been a drop in auto registration after all. Instead there was an increase of 2,222. It was all faulty bookkeeping.

Now that Washingtonians are assured that their streets will be even more congested, they seem quite bucked up about the whole thing.

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CORRESPONDENCE

BASEBALL

To the Editor: Please advise Richard M. Jones ("Dr. Freud Coaching at Third," *The Reporter*, April 21) that we have a couch for each of our players and are working on the "Love Theme" in the hopes that our efforts will meet with better results in the next World Series.

Since Mr. Durocher has a reputation for disliking "nice guys," our policy of "killing them with kindness" should pay off.

Lovingly yours,
"HANK" GREENBERG
Cleveland

P.S. I am assuming that Mr. Jones will secure the necessary co-operation from the umpires.

To the Editor: Mr. Jones has a Freudocentric theory about why the poor old Indians got massacred. (He also has a lot of evangelical things to say about psychoanalysis. They seem irrelevant.) Since it is poor scientific managing to carry an unnecessary theory on your roster, I would like to suggest that a simpler explanation will get the side out more plausibly.

It was not because they were inspired by hatred of the Yankees that the Indians won the pennant last year; that hatred has been around for years. In fact, they were so uninspired against New York that they split the season's encounters 11-11. Cleveland won the pennant by methodically thrashing the five weak clubs in the American League 89 times in 110 tries (as any Red Sox fan should remember!). The weak clubs did not have the hitters to cope with Cleveland's excellent pitching staff. The Giants had the hitters. Any of the top six teams in the National League last year probably had the hitters to beat Cleveland in a World Series, and one of them will probably do it again this year.

It is true that the Giants did it in four straight, and this was because they were hot. Not inspired by a father manager, just hot, as the Indians were in 1948 under Lou Boudreau, who was younger than most of his players, and as the Phillies weren't in 1950 when they lost four straight under Eddie Sawyer's remarkably fatherly guidance. Many things can get a collection of men excited and confident, and few if any of these have to do with the Id.

Perhaps, though, Mr. Jones can help me with my own problem. I'm rooting for Kansas City.

ULRIC NEISSER
Boston

To the Editor: Absurd as it may sound to Jones, it just might be that the Giants had a better team than Cleveland. Not better in supply of father figures or Oedipal adjustments but in hitters and pitchers. My feeling is that any National League pennant winner can shellac any American League winner.

ALBERT I. PRINCE, JR.
Washington, D. C.

STRONG AND WILLEN

To the Editor: One penalty of any fame is that people at once appear who knew you when! But I am surprised that a sophisticated periodical like *The Reporter* should not have seen the article by Paul Willen ("Anna Louise Goes Home Again," in the April 7 issue) as imaginative fabrication, strung on the author's own cynicism about the world and the U.S.S.R. For have you ever yet met a serious public speaker who, after several addresses in a great college, would confide to the student chairman at breakfast that he doubted all the substance of those public talks?

There is no space here to list the inaccuracies of Willen's article. Every paragraph has them, often mixed with a bit of fact. I did indeed say that I had seen girls working in unheated factories in winter in inadequate clothing; I might have added that my own husband died of this deprivation and his relatives lived those war winters in unheated Moscow flats. But I did *not* say that I saw men "beaten and whipped" into labor. This is typical of Willen's mixing of fraud with fact. And if I really left my breakfast "untouched," as he sentimentally noted, any "disillusion" was probably with the coffee rather than with the world.

I ask at least space to defend my old friend Borodin from what Willen says I said he said. On no occasion and in no connection did Borodin ever speak of Stalin as "the Pope." Nor did he ever display to me "bitterness about his treatment." I learned from Alexandra Kollontai, shortly after Borodin's return from China, that he was walking the floor nights berating himself for "his mistakes in China"; he discussed them with her but never with me, for she was an old Bolshevik and I was not. I knew that to the end he deeply loved China; that he eagerly grabbed all I could tell him after my visit there and tried to get a Moscow publisher for my China book; that he foresaw Mao's victories more quickly than the others did in Moscow, and exulted in them, and would have given his life to see them, but knew that this could probably never be. If beyond this he felt "bitterness about his treatment," he would never have told me of it. For Borodin was a Bolshevik from before the Revolution; any "treatment" he got was a Russian party matter, never to be discussed with outsiders. Let me at least clear Willen's sneers from his name.

ANNA LOUISE STRONG
Los Angeles

Mr. Willen replies:

As to our private conversations, which I carefully recorded within hours after they had occurred, it is of course largely a question of Miss Strong's word against mine. I cannot altogether explain why she chose to confide in the young chairman of a college forum board. I assumed at the time that, isolated from her customary friendships, she

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was filled with a great loneliness, and was reaching out for new contacts and fresh approaches.

After Miss Strong's visit to Oberlin in 1950 close friends urged me to publish an account of my conversations with her. I did not do so, however, feeling that a betrayal of the tacit confidence she had given me might hinder the very development I hoped Miss Strong was undergoing. More important, I felt a deep sympathy with the terrible ordeal to which she had been subjected, and therefore felt an obligation to her not to publish the account until her position vis-à-vis the Kremlin was finally settled.

However, upon reading her vitriolic letter, I am inclined to think that the five-year wait was both unnecessary and unjustified.

AUTOMATION

To the Editor: I have read with much interest the article "The Age of the Thinking Robot," by Robert Bendiner (*The Reporter*, April 7).

Naturally, our Union is watching the development of automation in the steel industry. This, in my opinion, is one of the most encompassing pieces I have ever read.

DAVID J. MCDONALD
President
United Steelworkers of America
Pittsburgh

To the Editor: While the theoretical and technical "breakthrough" provided by the communication theory of Shannon and its further development in conjunction with statistical theory has been perhaps more fundamental than we yet realize, the technological representations, so far mainly "automation," certainly do not and will not add up to changes more basic or sweeping than all of those in the past hundred years put together—a hundred years which include the application to industry of electric power, the internal-combustion engine, the assembly line, standardized parts, and automatic machinery.

WARNER BLOOMBERG, JR.
Gary, Indiana

To the Editor: Robert Bendiner falls into the trap of making lurid generalities about all industry on the basis of quite exceptional and isolated "facts" that are presented with superficiality. Permit me, as editor of the oldest and largest publication in the field of automation, to present the following ideas in the hope that they will refocus the distorted situation and add a little much-needed perspective:

1. Automation devices are not sold merely to displace labor. They are sold to do a *better* job, *faster*, and with less direct labor *per unit product.*

Serious examination (not superficial) of *many* actual applications quickly reveals that the end result is a larger operation, completely new functions, and little eventual decrease in direct labor (which is usually more than offset by increased secondary costs). It is not intellectually honest to say that an automatic device has displaced labor when the machine is doing tasks that were previously not being done by anybody.

2. Productivity per worker has been increasing steadily since the turn of the century. Automation is but one of the many reasons for this increase.

3. Increased productivity demands an expanding market. Such a market can sustain any degree of automation. A contracting or static market inevitably means economic trouble or unemployment—with or without automation. Therefore—and Q.E.D.—the key question is "How Do We Maintain an Expanding Economy?" This is the only point of true significance, and it is being smoke-screened beautifully by the new and young "high priests in the new movement."

A static economy will have many troubles, all of whose roots are bedded firmly in economic policy, including taxes, Federal fiscal policy, wage rates (including the guaranteed annual wage), and others—all economic. But economic problems are somehow dull and uninteresting, especially when exciting scapegoats like "automation" remain to be whipped a little.

MILTON H. ARONSON
Instruments Publishing Company
Pittsburgh

Mr. Bendiner replies:

At no point in the article did I say, suggest, or hint that automation devices were being sold "merely to displace labor," though I quoted several industrialists who looked forward rather eagerly to a reduction in labor costs as a result of automation. On the other hand, I specifically cited instances of plants, like Pontiac and Ford, that were keeping their labor forces intact and using the new equipment to increase production.

In answer to Mr. Aronson's final point, I can only say that my article quite clearly treated automation as a force that will, in the long run, make for an expanding economy, "increase the world's wealth and reduce human drudgery." It seems to me that what Mr. Aronson leaves out of his "much-needed perspective" is the lively possibility that unless we have some degree of planning there will be a dislocation of unskilled and semi-skilled workers, temporary in terms of history but painful to those affected. This "lurid generality" I seem to share with the National Manpower Council, the organized labor movement, and a large number of economists, both industrial and academic. Even the National Association of Manufacturers expects "temporary pools of unemployment."

RESTIVE DEMOCRAT

To the Editor: Chalk up another fine piece of writing for Eric Sevareid in your May 5 issue, "The Democrats' Tactics." This Democrat and many others I know are getting mighty restive about the untouchable status in which so many of our party leaders have apparently placed President Eisenhower. I certainly believe with Senator Kerr Scott that you've got to get at the opposing pitcher and not the bat boy to win games.

ALLEN KLEIN
Mount Vernon, New York

CORRECTION

Our apologies to Luigi Antonini of the International Ladies Garment Workers Union, who was referred to as Luigi Antonelli in "My Ninety Days in Washington," by Edward Corsi (The Reporter, *May 5.*)

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WHO— WHAT— WHY—

THE EDITORIAL makes a point usually neglected by those who mourn the decline of the West. There is no such decline, **Max Ascoli** thinks, but rather the opposite: In our days every non-western nation is trying like mad to get westernized. The only danger lies in their approaching the West the wrong way. That is what has happened to China: It went West the Russian way. It is plain fact that China is even more unknown to us than was Russia in the years immediately after the Revolution. Recently one of the Chinese leaders, Chou En-lai, has been traveling around a great deal and at his appearance in Bandung put on an extraordinarily good show. **James Cameron,** who writes for the London *News-Chronicle,* was at Bandung and has sent us an eyewitness account. In this same issue we present an excerpt from Mr. Cameron's book, *Mandarin Red,* to be published in September by Rinehart.

The Indians frequently venture into China on highly guided tours; they see a school, a factory, a farm, and they talk with officials. **C. Martin Wilbur** explains why it is that the Indians, although neighbors, are even more unprepared to evaluate what they see in China than are visitors from the West: There are no "old China hands" in Nehru's republic. Mr. Wilbur, associate professor of Chinese History at Columbia University, traveled through the East on grants from the Ford Foundation and Columbia University, but neither institution is responsible for the contents of his article.

Murray Green, who is employed by the Air Force in Washington to do historical research, maintains that limitations to the freedom of the press, in the interests of national security, must be imposed not only by the Defense Department but by the press itself. His views, while "cleared" by his superiors in the Pentagon, are of course his own. We tend to agree with Mr. Green but will return to the subject.

Dorothy Kahn is a member of our Washington staff.

Woodrow Wyatt, Member for Aston, Birmingham, has sat in Parliament since 1945. He was Undersecretary of State for War in the Labour Government. Among Mr. Wyatt's books are *The Jews at Home* and *Southwards from China.*

In the turmoil of our times Sweden is quietly attending to its own business, the most important being national defense. **Blake Ehrlich** reports on a visit to Sweden.

SOME of our readers will remember **Eli Waldron's** "Joe McCarthy's Home Town" (November 11, 1952). He now contributes the first of two articles on hillbilly music.

It has long been a part of American adventure to explore farmhouse attics for hidden treasure. The treasure is usually a broken chair that turns out to be a priceless antique, or great-grandmother's collection of postage stamps in which one is found to be of great value. **Poyntz Tyler** suggests a new objective for this dusty search: old securities, discarded and written off as worthless. Strangely enough, some of them may now be worth a fortune. Mr. Tyler has contributed to the *New Yorker* and *Town and Country.*

Appraising Walt Whitman's stature in America today, **Sidney Alexander** sees the poet as one of our greatest writers. Mr. Alexander, novelist and a poet himself, is now teaching in the English Department at Fairleigh Dickinson College.

The interminable series of foreign evaluations of our country continues, and presumably will continue as long as there are ships, planes, or rockets to bring travelers across the seas. **William H. Hessler** of the Cincinnati *Enquirer* reviews one of the more amiable contributions to this literature.

Our cover is by **Robert Shore.**

In our next issue we shall publish the second of the two articles that **Edward Corsi** has written for *The Reporter.*

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THE REPORTER

A FORTNIGHTLY OF FACTS AND IDEAS

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Every now and then there comes a book which is like a blow to the solar plexus.

For me such a book is Robert Ruark's "Something of Value."

This is a long, violent, brutal, bloody, absorbing novel. It is not a book for elegant dilettantes who enjoy discussing literary amenities over the teacups; it is a book for people who are willing to admit that there are terrible things happening in the world of the 1950's, and who are not afraid to read about them in fast-moving fiction.

Curiously enough, this is "a man's book," which women are unable to put down.

"Something of Value" is about blacks and whites in Kenya in Africa. Its hunting scenes have some of the finest passages on the subject this side of Kilimanjaro.

It is also the story of the founding of Mau Mau, and it reveals the extremes of human depravity and derangement to which were brought those who espoused it and those who opposed it.

But, essentially, it is the story of *people,* black and white, enmeshed in a tragedy for which both were responsible, and from which no individual could emerge triumphant or unscathed.

"Something of Value" cannot be read lightly or dismissed casually. No reader can leave it unmoved or unchanged.

For this is a book that is not read, but lived.

L. L. Day
EDITOR-AT-LARGE

"Something of Value," by Robert Ruark, is published by Doubleday & Company, 575 Madison Avenue, New York 22, N. Y., and is the May selection of the Book-of-the-Month Club. It contains 566 pages and sells for $5.00. Copies may be obtained from your own bookseller or from any of the 30 Doubleday Book Shops, including the one at 14 Wall Street in New York City.

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The Counterfeiters

OUR STATE DEPARTMENT should have no difficulty in recognizing the game Chou En-lai has been playing in Asia and Africa before, during, and after Bandung: Gracefully and thoroughly, with the ease of a great impersonator, he is producing in the two continents a striking replica of our Good Neighbor policy. Were there such a thing as diplomatic copyright, Chou En-lai would have to pay huge sums to Sumner Welles.

Truly, Chou En-lai's production of the Good Neighbor show has been a great hit. He has been deferential and reassuring, not only toward big India, but toward the weakest and most exposed of his neighbors, like Thailand and Cambodia. He has gone out of his way to humor his own Nicaraguas and El Salvadors.

It is not at all surprising to find such superb mimetic qualities in a Communist leader. For what is Communism if not a perverse rendition of western civilization, the attempt to present a phony copy as an improvement on the original?

There is no country or people today, no matter how primitive, that is not convulsed by a feverish eagerness to be westernized. When imposed from the outside on weak or defenseless natives, westernization was called colonialism or imperialism—names that have fallen into horrible disrepute. Now, under the guise of nationalism, there is no country that does not want to be westernized in its own way, full steam ahead, and adopt under some shape or form basic features of democracy and of industrialism.

But which is the type of western civilization more readily available? The genuine one, sometimes upsetting, sometimes naïve, yet endowed with an incalculable power of adapting itself to infinitely varying circumstances; or the other one, synthetic, imitative, and spurious, yet made alluring by its ready-made pattern, allegedly designed for universal adoption? It must be admitted that the two patterns, profoundly different as they are, manifest themselves in fairly identical objects—such as tractors or electric power and, in a few years, atomic piles. They both exhibit the ballot box, but in the Peoples' Democracies it is used strictly for purposes of decoration.

OUR COUNTRY, by universal consent the leader of the West, is the one most directly and vitally concerned with exposing the counterfeit. But rather than prove we are right, we seem to be satisfied when somebody—no matter who—says that Communism is wrong. When the representative of the Iraqi Government, probably one of the most authoritarian and racialist in the Middle East, got up at Bandung and said that the two great Communist powers were imperialistic and aggressive, there was positive jubilation in our press. Truthtelling by improbable proxy seems to answer our needs.

This timidity shows a pusillanimous conception of these needs and of the role that should be ours, for it is the function of our country to be actively on the side of any nation hurrying toward the West, to give assistance whenever necessary and counsel against the countless pitfalls ahead. One of the most obvious pitfalls lies in the fact that national independence turns out to be a rather shaky, precarious thing when it is not buttressed by economic solvency.

Modern technology has made the formulas on how to reach westernization alluring and cheap. But the adoption of these formulas still exacts a price. Sometimes this price can be staggered. Sometimes to a certain extent—but never altogether—it can be made more bearable by loans of foreign money or of foreign skill. But the price can never be zero, lest this spurious and ultimately most horribly expensive form of westernization that is Communism prevail.

Modern technology and the universal popularization of skills allow the new nations of Asia and of Africa to catch up with the West in an astonishingly short time. Yet during this time, no matter how short, the going is hard. The nations that met at Bandung felt that their lot could be considerably eased if they could deal with westernization on a collective-bargaining basis.

If we do not assist these young nations individually and together, who can? Only we can understand the need for unity that prompted the Colombo powers to call the Bandung Conference. These new nations want to share their risks, and we should not be afraid to take up a large part in the underwriting. We must be patient in dealing with them and at the same time firm; constantly kind and occasionally tough; positive in our thinking and at the same time imaginative.

WE SHOULD understand why, precarious as their growth is, the Asian and African nations are so afraid of war. We should reassure them and make it clear that for a reason of our own we are opposed to war as much as they are—our reason being that in peace, much better than in war, the spurious, malignant type of westernization is sure to be recognized for what it is and rejected.

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Three Windows on Red China

1. Chou En-lai at the Asian-African Meeting

JAMES CAMERON

BANDUNG

THERE SHOULD BE some way of summing up a meeting of twenty-nine nations in an obscure hill town of west Java to determine the future behavior and political attitude of the greater part of humanity. There should be some succinct definition of the pattern they devised to involve every living soul with the technical distinction of a colored skin. There should be, but there isn't.

If the Asian-African Conference succeeded in its objectives it is because it had no objectives. If it justified its theme, it was because its theme was the biggest in the world. Even if Chou En-lai (suave as a soapstone Buddha, suggesting Metternich in a boiler suit) had not chosen Bandung for his sudden experiment in conciliation, the show would have been unique. Even if Jawaharlal Nehru had not so effectively lost patience with his too Oriental fellow Asians, it would have been salutary. Even if Bandung had not soon crystallized itself as the forum of the uncommitted, the first seriously radical challenge to the principle of power, it would still have been a phenomenon because it defied all its inherent contradictions and, in fact, produced results.

Perhaps not many, and largely on the negative side. The thing was so immense and diverse it could aim only at the stars, as something large and lofty enough to escape argument. To reach accord on such a basis was easy and meaningless enough; actually the Asians and Africans did rather more than that.

"An event such as has never taken place since God created the Universe . . . The waves shall breathe it to the beaches of the world . . ." Thus the local Indonesian paper, with the kind of overcharged political lyricism that filled the stifling air. In committee the poetry dwindled and petulance crept in, sternly controlled by the handful of powerful men who were going to have harmony if they had to beat it into each other's skulls. The newly varnished doors opened and the politicians

emerged, their faces wreathed in practiced smiles. "Mr. Prime Minister . . . Your Highness . . . Excellency . . . If you please, Comrade Minister. . . ." Sahibs and Effendis and Bungs and Sirs. Promptly at sundown every day the tremendous rain came down like a torrent of lukewarm tea.

In the elegant Colonial Club the representatives deplored colonialism, invoking peace behind a screen of ferocious-looking little Amboinese soldiers with machine guns. The town dedicated itself to the rejection of the West by crowding the air with the technological howl of loudspeakers summoning the delegates' Plymouths and Dodges, and the sirens of motorcycle outriders in white steel helmets like those of American M.P.s.

Down with imperialism, said everyone, in the only official common language, that of imperialist Britain. President Sukarno arose, keynoting the opening session with a quotation not from the Buddha or the Prophet or the Vedas, but from Longfellow's poem about Paul Revere.

'Once the Unregarded'

There they were, sweating it out under the gently smoldering volcano: twenty-nine states from Japan around the globe to the Gold Coast, as diverse and incompatible a miscellany, one felt, as could have been rounded up. Nevertheless it *did* represent 1.4 billion human beings, by any count a great deal more than half the population of the world.

At the beginning, the Conference indeed seemed somewhat obsessed by its own multiplicity; few speakers could resist making a litany out of their own catalogue—Buddhists, Hindus, Moslems, Christians, Jains, Sikhs, Confucians, Shintoists, Zoroastrians; the phrases rolled on, suggesting some kind of implicit virtue in variety. One found oneself, in the soporific heat, making a sort of game: Democracy, Theocracy, Monarchy, and Socialism, Capitalism, Communism, and all the permutations in between. I found a Democratic-Marxist-Theocrat today; what did you find? Only a Methodist Sikh. They say there's a party tonight for the oppressed Mormon minority in eastern Cambodia. The color bar downstairs is very strict now; it seems they won't serve white people. What *will* the Turkish delegation do? It was all pretty silly at the beginning.

Then suddenly the Conference be-

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gan in earnest and things fell into place; it began to make sense in a way that was not only moving and dramatic but somehow intensely logical. These *were* the people of whom President Sukarno was talking—into a badly adjusted microphone, while an imprisoned bird wheeled and darted frantically across the high roof of the auditorium: "For many generations our peoples were the voiceless ones in the world, disregarded and living in poverty and humiliation. Then our nations demanded—nay fought for—independence, and with that independence came responsibility. But we do not regret that."

Down below, the place throbbed with color and self-conscious eccentricity, with every sort of robe and veil and tunic, shalwar and lungi, dhoti and burnoose, tarboosh and kaffiyeh, and the simple sharkskin splendor of the Beirut business suit; something terribly serious halfway between a political convention and a costume ball.

Peace as an Absolute

There was not a lot that could be said; clearly the early agenda had to be couched in terms broad and high-minded enough to ensure general approval, without presenting much initial danger of controversy—human rights, dependent peoples, the relaxation of tension, all expressed over and over in terms of indistinguishable piety; resounding declarations of common purpose. But what, one wondered, could that common purpose be? What could possibly be in common between China, say, and Yemen? What was the political link between Liberia and Nepal?

Color itself could hardly be enough to make blood brothers of the impassive Chou En-lai and the dapper little ex-King of Cambodia. It had certainly never resolved the trouble between India and Pakistan. The two Vietnams sat side by side on the far flank, but only by the hazards of alphabetical arrangement, and how much divided them besides an arbitrary and dubious frontier! Sukarno invoked the "moral voice of nations," not for nonwar but for peace as an absolute, a concept rather well understood in Asia. It was that simple, naïve goal which united the delegates.

Everyone had said again and again that this Asian-African encounter was to be an anti-imperialist conference, which was inevitable, and an anti-American conference, which it by no means turned out to be. This, we were told, was the East's first, maybe last, chance to define the doctrine of noninvolvement. It was not going to be easy in the presence of states so deeply committed as China on the one hand and Thailand, Turkey, and the Philippines on the other. Even on the second day the honeyed words were cut into by a sizzling anti-Communist attack from Dr. el Jamali of Iraq. It was received with rather rueful courtesy by those who might have agreed but who had obeyed the ground rules of expressed unity. There was much more of it to come.

Not, oddly enough, from Carlos Romulo of the Philippines, who had been cast from the start as the Washington spokesman. He said: "I think that over the generations the deepest source of our own confidence in ourselves had to come from the deeply rooted knowledge that the white man was *wrong*, that in proclaiming the superiority of his race, *qua* race, he stamped himself with his own weakness. . . . I ask you to remember that just as western political thought has given us all so many of our basic ideas of political freedom, justice, and equity, it is western science which in this generation has exploded the mythology of race."

Mr. Takasaki Is Sorry

After this unexpected argument of reverse-screen liberalism, most of the following polemics were rather flat. Prince Wan of Thailand had to justify SEATO by an enormous quotation from the Buddha. Japan joined in the anti-imperialist chorus with the slightly uneasy air of a man who knows himself to be the only ex-imperialist in the hall, whose previous associations with this part of the world had been very much at the end of the gun. (A few eyebrows had been raised anyhow by the presence as chief delegates of Tatsunosoke Takasaki, who had personally run the heavy industry of the puppet Manchukuo, and of Masayuki Tani, whose function had been to promote the celebrated Co-Prosperity Sphere.) Mr. Takasaki took the rostrum with a certain diffidence. "In the war," he said, "I regret to say that Japan inflicted damage on her neighbors. She ended, however, by ruining herself." He said he was very sorry, and indeed he looked it.

Nobody cared very much about Mr. Takasaki, who as everyone knew was only in Bandung to do some business. (He emerged finally, after a week of intricately organized unobtrusiveness, with seven new international contracts for Japan.) But then nobody was interested in anything much, those early days, except in Chou En-lai.

Sweetness and (Red) Light

The performance of the Premier of China throughout must be set down as one of the deftest and most persuasive pieces of political virtuosity ever produced by that accomplished and impressive man. From his first-act entrance—standing immobile on the dais, yelping a few phrases in his surprisingly shrill falsetto voice and leaving the rest to the interpreter—to his skillfully timed offer to the Americans at the end, he had all his potential opponents groping against the steady tide of sweetness and light. There was nothing to counter; it was what everyone wanted to hear.

Chou flummoxed everyone from the start by issuing an advance script of his speech and then delivering one completely different. "To begin with," said Chou, "we are here to seek unity and not to quarrel. We Communists do not hide the fact that we are Communists, because we think it is a good system. But we haven't come here to look for divergence but for common ground. We could," he said, "have submitted the Taiwan [Formosa] question to the meeting. Or we could have brought up the matter of our entry into the United Nations. We didn't, because that would have dragged the Conference into disputes without finding solutions."

He continued on this unexceptionable line for some time, pointing out that there are, after all, many more non-Communist Asians than there are Communist Asians, and that he was making no complaint about that. "We Communists are also atheists," said he, "but we respect

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those who have the religious faith we don't have. Tolerance is the thing," he said, bowed, and stepped down to reload for the committee stages.

SLOWLY the committees moved through their work. Chou scored another success by signing with Indonesia the agreement on the overseas Chinese who have presented problems for years, not only to Indonesia with its two million, but to all the other states of Southeast Asia, where some eight million more live and carry on most of the business. Chinese law has always held them, whatever their birth, to be Chinese nationals. Chou agreed at last to a year's period in which they may choose their nationality: that of Communist China or of their domicile. But not of Nationalist China.

It had seemed sometimes that the delegates, awed by the vast possibilities for divergence among themselves, would steer clear of all detail and agree only on the eternal verities. But by and by the points of agreement emerged, and with each it became clear that someone had made a sacrifice of some sort of principle for the sake of presenting to the world a united front. There was unanimous agreement on taking the case of the Arabs against that of Israel in the Palestine problem—although of all the Middle Eastern states Israel is the only one that has recognized China, China cast its vote against Israel. There was unanimous agreement on Indonesia's claim for West Irian (Netherlands New Guinea) against the Dutch—and Turkey, although aligned both emotionally and militarily more closely to Holland than to Indonesia, voted against its fellow NATO member. It was obvious that concessions could be made.

'The Lively Place'

Meanwhile, Bandung was certainly having the time of its life. It is a dull little town in the highlands of Preangen, a plateau of breathtaking beauty, ringed with green mountains and buried, in this rainy season, under towering thunderheads perpetually aflicker with mild lightning. The shops have whimsical names, like "Sporting - House," "Happy-Store," and "The Lively Place." It was said that most of the consumer goods of Java had been channeled into them, just as Jakarta had to stand by to sacrifice its electric current if anything should occur to threaten Bandung's power plant.

The town was spruced up and repainted in a fashion astonishing to the gentle Javanese; furthermore it was scrupulously sealed off. Whatever Bandung had in the way of a corps of professional ladies had been banished to some fifteen miles away. The roads were cordoned. A security system was introduced that required a file of passes and papers which reduced the normally torpid pace of the town to something often approaching immobility. Indonesia was taking no chances with its embarrassing quota of controversial celebrities; it could not be forgotten that rebel bands were all over the place

as near as thirty miles from Gedung Merdeka, the Conference Hall of Independence.

BANDUNG was never built to accommodate these more than two thousand strangers, including one of the densest and most fretful concentrations of newspapermen seen for years, all lodging in rather gruesome congestion and whiling away the time spotting those of their number who were most palpably spies. Six hundred and fifty-five journalists were accredited to the Conference. Not all those accredited showed up. Not all those who showed up were journalists. Not all who were journalists did any journalism. And not all of those who did any journalism did it for organizations that could remotely be defined as journals. It became clear that there was representation of some very obscure interests indeed, and there was much curious, not to say fishy, activity. Anyone from foreign parts for whom no special classification could be found was issued a small rectangular badge marked PRESS and released among the restless, sweating mob. One gentleman was caught distributing literature denouncing the Soviet tyranny in Turkestan; he was quickly arrested; by and by he was released, and soon was back in the pressroom distributing literature.

Even for the pure in heart, life in Bandung presented many problems in a day that began with a breakfast, in the Dutch fashion, of cold pork and cheese, and ended in fatiguing pursuits of the more accessible dignitaries around the suburbs. The Indonesian rupiah clings to an exchange rate so grotesquely loaded against the foreigner that even the modest amenities of Bandung became fantastically expensive; everyone used the black market, which provided a rate some three hundred per cent better, and to which all prices were in any case related.

Advantage of Being U Nu

The Bandungese adored it; all day and half the night they jammed behind the armed guards applauding everyone, but particularly the stars—Chou, Gamal Nasser, Nehru. The collection of autographs was maniac, and for the delegates there was great advantage in being U Nu, say, rather than Sastroamidjojo. Besides the delegates the town soon began to swarm with parties of peripheral special interests – the Archbishop Makarios of Cyprus and the Grand Mufti of Jerusalem, armed respectively with arguments against Britain and Israel; the African National Congress, to whom this was a God-sent chance to argue their case.

There was a North African team denouncing the French, and the Malayan nationalists denouncing the British. There was Congressman Adam Clayton Powell from New York. There were Saudi Arabians roaming around who, disdaining all the womanish peace talk about them, attended each session with a .45 strapped handily under the arm, while in the lounge of the Homann Hotel the orchestra of listless Dutchmen fiddled for their new masters—either out of ignorance or cynicism they always seemed to play "Kashmir Love Lyrics."

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2. Mao's 'Paradise' As Seen from India

C. MARTIN WILBUR

LENIN had a dream that Communism would conquer the world when Russia, China, and India had been joined in conflict with the West. Russia and China are now linked, and they are doing all they can to bring India into their camp. China, as I learned on a recent visit to India, is doing the active wooing. Russia seems to stand by benignly, offering a steel plant or sending a champion soccer team now and then. But the men in the Kremlin are surely studying the effects of the courtship on Indian public opinion just as eagerly as are the men in the Forbidden City.

The Indian image of Communist China is colored somewhat by the simple facts that both are Asian countries and both have similar economic problems. Each has a large population with low living standards. Each is struggling to acquire industrial strength, to shake off the bonds of imperialism—in short, to become a modern nation. Yet they differ fundamentally on the means of accomplishing this end. China's means are totalitarian and edged with violence; India's are democratic and gradualistic. But the picture held constantly before Indian eyes is that China has made startling progress in the past five years. Inevitably Indians cannot help asking themselves whether Nehru's way of building a modern nation is as effective as that of Mao Tse-tung.

Whether Americans agree with India's estimate of China or not, it behooves them to understand India's attitude toward its big Red neighbor to the north.

Straight Propaganda

It is standard procedure today, when Indians and Chinese meet publicly, to congratulate each other on their two thousand years of cultural relations and unbroken friendship. Actually, their relations have been rather slight, especially during the past century while the two countries turned their backs to each other as they gazed in opposite directions toward Europe and America. There is not a great deal of common knowledge among Indians on the subject of China—certainly nothing comparable with that of Japan or with that which has been built up in the United States through generations of trade, missionary work, and teaching.

What Indians are now learning about China comes mainly through two channels: Communist propaganda machinery and reports brought back by Indians who have been taken on guided tours through China as guests of the state.

The Chinese Embassy in New Delhi conducts itself discreetly. It

distributes a special news bulletin which supplements the press releases of the official New China News Agency. But it has nothing to compare with the somewhat lavish operations of the U.S. Information Service or the British Council, and it scrupulously avoids overt relations with Indian Communists as such.

And yet the propaganda imported from Peking is to be found everywhere. It is for sale in bookstores, and one finds it in college libraries and public reading rooms. The magazines *People's China, China Pictorial,* and *Chinese Literature* are flown into India by the ton. The Foreign Language Press puts out beautifully illustrated books such as *The Children of China, Muslims in China,* and *What China Has to Trade.* Any Indian prominent enough to get on the mailing list will get stacks of well-prepared publicity material.

China also employs assorted cultural delegations to carry its story to India: a group of Chinese scholars attended the Baroda Science Conference at New Year's, a troupe of performers toured India last winter, a handsome exhibit of Chinese arts and crafts is now being shown around the country.

The Grand Tour

Much more important are the reports of Indians who have visited China since Mao's government took over in October, 1949. There have probably not been more than two hundred such visitors, but they include India's first Ambassador to the People's Republic of China, K. M. Panikkar, and more recently Prime Minister Nehru, who spent twelve days in China last October. All of the visitors are molders of opinion: diplomats, editors, correspondents, university professors, writers, outstanding Indian women, and leaders of the trade unions. Only a minority of the visitors are Communists or close to the party. And yet with only a few exceptions, the reports published by these visitors have praised the "New China."

I have read every account I could lay hands on and talked with nearly a score of Indians who have taken this grand tour of China during the last few years. One thing is clear: The Chinese know how to be good hosts.

The tours are usually timed in connection with Communist China's great festival days, May Day and October 1, the anniversary of the founding of the People's Republic. At these times delegations from many lands are invited to witness the celebrations in Peking and to spend a few weeks in other selected cities.

From the time the tourists arrive at Hong Kong they are treated with

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flattering attention. Interpreters and guides work hard to fulfill and even to anticipate their guests' every wish. The group is greeted in Canton by smiling Chinese officials and by merry schoolchildren carrying flowers. There will be teas with speeches of welcome and feasts with more speeches of welcome. Everyone talks to the Indians about the two thousand years of unbroken friendship, about Asian solidarity, and about peace. And every speech compares the bad old days in China under the Kuomintang with the happiness of the people and their great accomplishments under the leadership of Mao Tse-tung.

In Canton the visitors are shown how clean the city is, how traffic policemen wear nose masks, and how everyone is hard at work. They may visit a university and hear how education has been reformed so that every student works with a purpose and is assured of a job upon graduation. They will also see a temple in good repair, some public parks thronged with people, and a few patriotic shrines.

In Peking they will be given accommodations in a fine hotel that is on a par with the best in India. There will be more visits to schools, factories, and institutions, and perhaps a jaunt to a model village where they will hear all about land reform. They will probably meet the titular head of one of the non-Communist parties which, they are sure to be told, make up the "coalition" government. They will surely meet Chou En-lai, who will impress them with his charm, and they may meet Mme. Sun Yat-sen, who will speak perfect English to some groups and profess to others that she cannot.

Other parts of the tour may be taken in a private railway car. There will be a visit to Mukden to inspect China's heavy industry and almost surely a stop at Kao Kang village, by now the most inspected model village in the world. There may be stops at Tientsin and Nanking, and the visitors will certainly see Shanghai, where they will stay in a palatial hotel and learn how the city was cleansed of graft, gangsterism, and prostitution. They may meet a "national capitalist" who will tell them his business has benefited under state control. They may see a courtroom in session to get a glimpse of "people's justice," so speedy, so fair.

The last stop is likely to be Hangchow, for an interlude in one of China's ancient beauty spots, now a rest center for model workers.

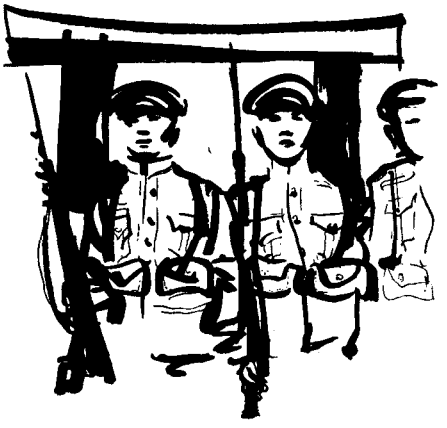
To many Indian visitors Hong Kong on the return trip is a shock. Dazzled by the Chinese people's industry and wide-scale building activity, convinced of their enthusiasm for Mao's régime, and impressed by the puritanical spirit of China's new morality, the Indians emerge to see beggars again, the disparities between rich and poor, the white colonial masters. As one Indian lady, a Member of Parliament, told me, Hong Kong seems evil after China. Returning to Calcutta, Madras, or even Delhi, the pilgrims are apt to look with new eyes on their own poverty, unemployment, and frustration.

WHAT KIND of picture has been painted for the Indian public by this procession of tourists? A considerable mass of literature has accumulated since the first Indian good-will mission to China in 1951, and China can now reckon the score as greatly in its favor.

There have been, it is true, a few critical minority reports, and of these none has been more cutting than those by Indian trade-unionists. Sreekantan Nair, a member of Parliament and a trade-union leader in Travancore-Cochin, gave his impressions in *The Chinese Puzzle*. Nair was disgusted with the incessant propaganda contrasting the horrible conditions before "liberation" with the wonderful conditions thereafter. He was disturbed by the tendency to glorify Mao and a few other leaders and reduce everyone else to "yes men." He disliked the distinctions in dress and comforts between the leaders and the rank and file. The proceedings of the Seventh Congress were "strange and revolting" to his sense of democratic freedom. Yet even Nair found much to commend.

The most devastatingly unfavorable account of Communist China I found in India was a fifty-five-page pamphlet, "From My China Diary," by another trade-union leader, Brajkishore Shastri. Shastri was struck by the terrible conditions of workers on a Yangtze River project and compared them with the conscripts who built the Great Wall under the harsh rule of Ch'in. He found Chinese workers worse paid and leading harder lives than those in India, and the rural poverty of China and India indistinguishable—"the same tattered clothes, the same sunken eyes, the same emaciated bodies and the same endless toil." He found the children of China being taught to adore Mao as the giver of all and to report on their parents to their teachers, who must in their turn pass significant information on to the police. He compared the Peking May Day parade with Hitler's Nuremberg rallies and wondered why there were so many soldiers and such tight police control in the land of "people's democracy."

But reports on these less sunny



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aspects of the Chinese régime do not, I believe, have much effect on the popular image of China in India. Talking with a young Indian woman of good family and education, I happened to mention the thousands of Chinese refugees I had seen in Hong Kong. "Refugees?" she asked. "From what?" I told her from Communist China. "Oh," she said after a moment, "rich people." When I told her there were all sorts, including laborers, students, merchants, and intellectuals, she could scarcely believe it.

No News in the Paper

The current news coverage of China in Indian papers is sketchy, to say the least. The Indian press carries a great deal of foreign news but not much about China. There are no Indian journalists stationed regularly in China, and the only press services that operate there are Communist ones. Nor do Indian papers use the Hong Kong listening post systematically. As a result, there is almost no day-to-day news on events in China except for an occasional handout from the New China News Agency. Editorial comment is entirely on China's foreign relations; and the frequent feature articles of the "I was there" sort simply embroider the generally favorable public image.

Through a Glass Rosily

This image is apt to seem like pure Chinese propaganda to most Americans:

¶ China is pictured as a unified, disciplined nation. Its people are self-confident and contented. Living standards have risen since liberation, prices are stable, and there is now enough food for all. Austerity of life and drabness of dress are cheerfully endured as a temporary condition.

¶ Efficient government organization directs the lives of everyone, but it follows a policy of persuasion rather than violence.

¶ Visible accomplishments include popularizing of cleanliness and hygiene, ending of social vices, elimination of beggars, gangsters, and corruption. The emancipated Chinese woman is legally and psychologically the equal of men. A huge educational program is bringing the children into schools and eliminating adult illiteracy, while higher education has expanded rapidly.

¶ Land reform has been a success, and the farmers are solidly behind the régime. Kindly persuasion is pushing them slowly toward collectivization. The economy is still a mixed one with plenty of opportunity for private enterprise, but is moving inexorably toward socialism.

¶ The Chinese admit and even boast about the fact that Russian influence is great in China. Russia has given much aid, they say, particularly in building up China's heavy industry and in training Chinese technicians. But China is sovereign and independent, and is solving its problems in a practical Chinese way.

¶ China is completely absorbed in its own problems and will be fully absorbed for many years, the story concludes. China wants peace and is particularly eager for the friendship of Asian nations. Though it is deeply distrustful of America and Great Britain, it is ready to be friends even with them. But it is determined to have Formosa.

ALTHOUGH this popular image seems extravagantly favorable, one must not forget that the educated class in India has been thoroughly steeped in the British tradition of tolerance and open-mindedness. The

authoritarian nature of the Chinese régime has not been to the liking of quite a few Indian visitors. Nehru himself, returning from his visit to Peking last fall, frankly stated his understanding that China is a totalitarian state and that "only time will show whether the price paid by the Chinese people is worth it." He repeated again and again that India had chosen the democratic path, which, for India, is better.

Many of the visitors have felt qualms about China's elections, which follow the Russian pattern without rival candidates and without secret ballots. The way the Chinese Constitution was rubber-stamped by the People's Congress without amendment and without debate amazed many of those who witnessed the spectacle. Others commented that the judiciary has no independence in China, the courts serving as mere agents of the Executive. I have seen some unfavorable comment about police control over everyone's movements. Several writers have mentioned the thousands of "counter-revolutionaries" still in jail, and one or two described but found excuses for the violence that attended land reform and the suppression of corruption.

Yet these criticisms have been so buried in the mass of favorable description that one had to look sharp to find them. In general there is no doubt that an initially favorable bias, extremely skillful propaganda, and the genuine accomplishments of Mao's régime have combined to produce in India an atmosphere of friendship and admiration for China.

Official Hopes

This does not mean that the Indian government is unaware of the menace a militant China might present to its Asian neighbors. Nehru's toast at a state banquet in Peking was eloquent of India's fears and hopes: "I have seen in China a vital people engaged in a tremendous task. I have no doubt they will succeed. I should like to express my deep admiration for the leader of the Chinese nation, Chairman Mao. A man of historic mold, he has been a great warrior, a great revolutionary, a great builder and consolidator. May he now be a great peacemaker also."

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3. *Are Religions The Opium of the People?*

JAMES CAMERON

THE Lama Temple was bright and spotless; it stood—the most immaculate Lama Temple, surely, in all Asia—among the pedicabs at the corner of the Tartar City of Peking. Business may be poor since "Liberation," but prosperity met you at the door. The under lama who acted as guardian of the Seven Buddhas and the Thirty-nine Manifestations of Power was a civil servant now; he showed me round his gaudy cloisters with an air that held a curious shifting blend of professional reverence and contempt. I have been in many lamaist *gompas* before, but never one so glossy, so gay, so much a product of the feather duster and the permanganate of potash. The joss sticks smoldered away gently in their jars of sand, leaving no ash.

The temples ranged back in courtyards, one behind another; on their curling golden roofs the little ceramic monsters grimaced at the gray sky and the bells donged mournfully in the breeze. We stood before the First Buddha, the Laughing Buddha—pot-bellied and jocose, like a fat comedian in a Turkish bath. All around hung the great *thang-ka* paintings of the Four Directions and the Wheel of Life, which must say the same thing whichever way it is read. . . . Somehow it hardly seemed like the capital of Communist China; if this is dialectical materialism, I said to the man, then I am a Parsee.

"The temple was built," said the lama imperturbably, "in the eighteenth century. Nobody bothered much about it. Naturally the Kuomintang clique let it fall to bits; they would. When the People's Government took it over they repaired it. In 1952 they spent 8,400 million yuan on it, and look at it now."

LOOK AT IT now, indeed; no paint was redder, no godlings' masks more lovingly enameled in the proper expressions of violence and horror, on each outstretched arm a new votive cloth of muslin, signifying gifts. The old believers had let the temple decay; the Kuomintang had sacked it; it was left to the atheists of the new régime to spend 8,400 million yuan on the elaborate monument to intricate and wholly reactionary worship. Why?

Buddha in Red Harness

The Chinese Communists are flexible and accommodating, but they do nothing without political reason.

When they "liberated" Tibet they drove straight for its heart, which is religion: lamaism, the amplified and distorted Buddhism. Communist China owns six million Buddhists, and another seven million in Tibet, Sinkiang, and Inner Mongolia. From the very start it began to woo them with Buddhism itself. Peking does not export Marxism to the minority areas, not yet. The Communists impose no land reform on Tibet, no legal reform, no marriage reform. As for religion, Mao Tse-tung repeatedly shrugged his shoulders and said: "If it does not interfere with the operations of the People's Republic, the People's Republic will not interfere with it." The enormous implicit reservations in that were not emphasized, at least to the Buddhists.

The state made haste to create the All-China Buddhist Association for "the unity of all Buddhists to support the Motherland and world peace." They made the Dalai Lama and the Panchen Lama patrons; for President they chose Yuang Ying, the seventy-one-year-old Chinese abbot of a seminary in Shanghai.

THUS one of the first effects of the Revolution was the customary paradox: an immediate and officially sponsored revival of Buddhism. Monasteries were organized and brought into political prominence; the Abbot Hsijaichiasto was extricated from the Chinghai Monastery and made Vice-Chairman of his provincial government. A really excellent stroke of luck caused the sudden discovery of the hundred and fifty-seven caves in Kansu Province filled with sculptures and murals of the classic period of Buddhist art.

And the Lama Temple of Peking was turned into the smartest place of worship ever to be used as a demonstration of the adaptability of the Communist faith.

Confucius and the Tao

Again, why? It was not a question of tolerating a Chinese religion. Was there ever a Chinese religion? Every authority is agreed that in no sense have the Chinese ever been a devout people; throughout their enormous history they have attached themselves to no deism, no especial priesthood, no scripture. At the very best the Chinese had, instead of religion, philosophies shot through with wild and erratic superstition. Long ago the West "discovered" the Chinese metaphysical system with a sense of revelation—here was a remarkable principle of ethics unspoiled by any spirituality; a religion without penalties or rewards, without prayer, without resurrections, without heaven or hell: the morality of reasonableness. Confucius, inscribing his immortal cynicisms of sentimentalities a century before Socrates, was a teacher all the more consoling to the skeptics because he was in no sense divine. And a good reliable Tory, what was more. All will be well, said Confucius, if the upper classes remain upright and conscious of their responsibilities. It all depends on the civil service, mused Confucius, that old Civil Servant: govern by moral influence and not by force, and put authority only into the hands of cul-

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tivated men of elevated character.

But religion? Five centuries before Christ the philosopher had his answer. "You must worship the gods," said Confucius gravely, "just as though they existed."

IF THE Confucians were positive ("Do good, so that you do not do wrong"), the Taoists produced a philosophy of inaction that was remarkable even by the languid standards of the Orient. The Tao was the great reality which created and governed the Universe; to conform with the Tao entailed a masterly control of doing, as far as possible, nothing whatever. Men should behave, said the Taoists, not perform, lest by unconsidered action they be led into error. Reduce society to its simplest, they said; abolish the value of money (which would thus automatically abolish covetousness and avarice). The Taoists conceived the perfect conception: a village whose inhabitants would be aware of the existence of other villages because of the sound of faraway roosters crowing, but who would have no ambition whatever to know who lived in them. The ideal society — without communications, trade, correspondence, or integrated government. Anarchy plus apathy; what could be more agreeable?

The Gullible Gods

Such Taoists as still exist (and there are some) can be taken as having a thin time under the new régime. Yet by the very virtue of their own principles they can scarcely care. . . . The Chinese remained, and remain, what they always were: philosophical and tolerant and cynical—agnostic and eclectic. To this day the architect who has passed his compulsory Dialectical Materialism course at Tsin Hua University will allow space on his roof trees for the seven little heraldic monsters who have stood sentry against evil for three thousand years. He will still build a board across every threshold to discourage the penetration of devils (who, as every Marxist knows, can travel only in straight lines, and are thus baffled by any impediment).

Indeed, this accommodating stupidity is the chief quality of most Chinese gods and antigods. Place a high step across your doorway and you are safe from the crawling demons. Should they attempt to besiege you from the roof, you curve upwards your eaves and the sliding spirits tumble to earth at least six feet away. . . . A patient man could be Confucian, Taoist, Buddhist, animist or rationalist, alternatively or all at once; he could believe in complex ritual and austerity, zeal and sloth, metaphysics and common sense—he was a flexible and tolerant man; he was Chinese.

NOW, of course, he is something else again, he is Communist. Or some of him is, the part that matters. Yet here in Peking itself, a mile from the unidentified dwelling of Chairman Mao himself, the joss sticks still burned—only today, of course, nationalized. . . .

"And finally," said the under lama, emerging from a dream, "the Great Room dedicated to the lamaist faith two hundred and fifty years ago. You will observe. . . ."

But there was nothing to observe in the vast gaunt chamber but the image itself, the upright standing representation of the Ruling Buddha —a towering thing ninety feet tall, black and forbidding, the white-painted ferocious eyes glaring across to some unseeable horizon, a minatory hand as big as a billiard table. For one terrible moment he looked, standing there with his gigantic head in the shadows of the roof, almost bigger than the portrait of Chairman Mao. . . .

Confucius He Talk Too Much

A hundred yards away was a turn to the right—I walked for two minutes between the windowless walls: another gate, another door, another temple. The vestiges of paint flaked away from the planks; the wicket swung on one hinge. This was the Temple of Confucius.

The comment was too obvious to be avoided: The prophet had no honor here. Confucius is a discredited soothsayer in People's China; Confucius had been invoked too often by the old régime; he was inextricably tied up with Chiang Kai-shek. In China today they say: "What were the moral precepts of the old paternalism but something that allowed the Emperors and the mandarins to force obedience to these gentlemen-scholars? Were the gentlemen-scholars of Confucius a privileged class or weren't they? This classical-traditional-formalistic idea is the perfect dogma for opposing democracy. What did 'filial piety' ever do except discourage national consciousness and encourage nepotism? Who said 'Courtesy is not served to commoners and punishment is not served to lords?'"

DOUBTLESS he said better things too, I murmured; but it made no difference. There was no room in the Revolution for Confucius and his hierarchical system, his pattern of loyalties (son to the father, wife to the husband, tenant to the landlord, servant to the master, fool to the sage), his insistence on individual quality, the implications of docility. No 8,400 million yuan for Confucius—but his temple remains. I looked through the shabby old door and saw it at work even then—for even then in that shadowy courtyard the disciples were gathered, some two dozen of them, seated blue-suited under the bending tree, deep in their books. Religion was free in China today, but accommodation was scarce. The Temple of Confucius had become a study room of the Peking department of the Marxist-Leninist Institute of China.

"Revere the gods," said the disenchanted voice, two and a half thousand years ago, "just as though they existed."

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Intelligence On a Silver Platter

MURRAY GREEN

"FOR SOME two years and three months I have been plagued by inexplicable undiscovered leaks in this Government," said President Eisenhower at his press conference on April 27. He was taking issue specifically with the release by the Republican Policy Committee in the Senate of a pamphlet giving details on America's newest weapons, presumably as a reply to Democratic charges that Republican cutbacks have undermined American preparedness.

The question of public-information policy vs. defense has become acute during the past few months. On March 29, the Defense Department had issued a directive setting forth new procedures for clearance of military information. The press immediately protested the new directive and the appointment of the man to carry it out, R. Karl Honaman.

The American Society of Newspaper Editors has found especially objectionable the statement that all information shall be screened not only for military security, but also for its "constructive contribution to the primary mission of the Department of Defense." The A.S.N.E. has called this a foray into censorship in a broad and practically undefinable area.

In Secretary of Defense Charles E. Wilson's press conferences on April 12 and 26, he spent nearly three hours trying to define the area. His explanations did not quiet the editors. They fear that Honaman's appointment foreshadows a tightening of curbs on military information to which the American people are legitimately entitled.

Honaman came over to his new job from the Commerce Department, where he headed a new security-cum-public-relations outfit called the Office of Strategic Information. The OSI was set up quietly last November in order to solicit editors' co-operation "on a truly voluntary basis" to control the release of "unclassified strategic data." But it did not take long for the A.S.N.E.'s Freedom of Information Committee to take alarm. Its chairman, J. R. Wiggins, called it "the most serious threat to freedom of information that has developed in the Eisenhower Administration."

Wiggins observed that the government already had the necessary authority to control at the source all data of strategic or military value by putting a SECRET or other classification stamp on it. Why should Honaman keep out of print "unclassified strategic data"? Besides, what logical business of the Commerce Department was it to control weapons data?

What Vannevar Bush Said

The A.S.N.E.'s objections have called public attention to a serious security problem. As one who has observed for a decade from Pentagon precincts how our military security is compromised in the press, I am not particularly upset by the A.S.N.E.'s objections. At each day's end, I, along with many other officials of the Department of Defense, carefully lock my classified working papers in a safe that is in turn double-checked by a colleague and triple-checked by a night security guard. More than once I have come home to find the same kind of information I had just locked away detailed in my evening newspaper or a magazine.

For the past ten years the world's polarization into two armed camps has put a premium upon intelligence work. There have been defections and espionage on both sides, and we have found a few traitors and exposed them. "But the importance of their acts has been exaggerated out of all reasonable proportion," says Dr. Vannevar Bush. Without being prompted by disloyal persons, Dr. Bush asserts, we openly give away important information; "our enemy has only to read and listen."

We tell nearly all we know in magazine articles, technical papers, budget presentations, and Congressional testimony. In short, there is very little left for an enemy intelligence to find out, and it can saturate that small area of doubt with espionage while the bulk of information, in the words of Donald A. Quarles, Assistant Secretary of Defense for Research and Development, is handed over "on a silver platter."

If the MVD is as assiduous as the Gestapo was, the Kremlin leaders may well know too much for our comfort.

'The Scholarly Spy'

There is the documented case of the German whom we may call "The Scholarly Spy." He was sent over here in 1940 when France had fallen and Britain bravely faced its "finest hour." The U.S. production colossus was being stirred to action, hence the German's instructions to learn as much—as fast as he could—about our aircraft industry. It is possible that he consorted with a Mata Hari slinking through Yorkville cafés, or met with monocle-wearing security risks in research laboratories, or hung around aircraft-factory gates at closing time. But the evidence suggests that he had no time to waste on such frivolities. We do know that he investigated thoroughly such unagent-like publications as *The New York Times Index* and *The Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature*, from which he got clues to his sources.

The German collected at least several trunkfuls of data culled from the major national publications and technical magazines, whose editors take pride in their scrupulous attention to factual accuracy. Taking his leave in November, 1941, the German returned home and wrote his report on "United States Air Armament," which ultimately found its way into our hands after the war.

Adding his own ingenuity and ex-

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perience to what he read, the agent ventured to estimate U.S. aircraft production for 1941-1943. He managed to predict our military-aircraft output more accurately than did William S. Knudsen and T. P. Wright of the War Production Board, who had complete access to all the official estimates and classified documents.

I have seen a copy of his amazing report based on unclassified materials. It contains some interesting comparative estimates of American aircraft production through September, 1943. In plotting his estimates, the German simply let American experts do his basic research for him. One expert, for example, published a report in an American aviation trade magazine fixing the monthly weight of certain aircraft production at 0.6226 lb. per square foot of productive floor space. Armed with this factor, the German needed only to learn that the new Willow Run plant, largest of its kind in the world, would have 3.7 million square feet of productive space in full production—a nugget easily found in a typical Sunday supplement devoted to the glories of mass production in the U.S.A. With pad and pencil, the agent figured the rest out for himself.

This German was just one agent among many. In the middle 1930's, the Nazis had set up a Bund espionage apparatus in ninety-one communities throughout the United States. At a time when we were preoccupied with domestic problems, an estimated fifty thousand persons in this country were screening newspapers and trade publications and sending the clips to their head office in New York. The weekly collection at Bund headquarters sometimes was enough to fill an automobile.

THE PRESENT Soviet effort is probably no less intensive. With an estimated twenty-five thousand Communist Party members spread over the United States, the MVD has at its disposal a disciplined collection apparatus. With raw material so abundant and accessible, we assume at our peril that this apparatus is not now being exploited to collect it. Our newspapers, magazines, and technical journals—even our advertisements—contain so much valuable information that U.S. intelligence experts recently went so far as to say that one Russian newspaper which would tell us as much about Soviet political, economic, and military affairs as a typical New York, Washington, or Chicago newspaper does about ours would be worth a billion dollars.

Naked Nike

One case of recent disclosure, incidentally, has involved A.S.N.E. Committee Chairman Wiggins's own Washington *Post and Times Herald*. Last December 7, the Army released a series of photographs of the Nike, an important guided missile designed to thwart air attack upon our cities. The release was made in conjunction with a speech in which Major General James M. Gavin defended Nike against criticism from a sister service. The photographs showed Nike installations close up, including mounts and underground storage areas. Managing Editor Wiggins, or his subordinates, chose to publish the whole series on the newspaper's December 8 front page, a choice that did not sit well with Elmer Davis, a man well qualified in the fields of journalism and security. In a blistering letter to the editor of the *Post and Times Herald*, he criticized "our interservice jealousies, plus American journalistic enterprise," which he said were saving the Russians a lot of money. For the photographs not only showed what Nike batteries were armed with, he observed, but also pinpointed their locations around the capital.

Wiggins for his part deplored this particular incident with the remark: "If we are handed pictures or copy about weapons we must assume they are intended for public enlightenment. It is absurd to expect editors voluntarily to censor what the Defense people say we can publish."

Other disclosures about Nike have come in for criticism. A few months ago, an enterprising New York *Journal-American* reporter learned that it was possible for anyone to purchase Nike construction-site blueprints by merely sending in a small fee. Present law requires that the Defense Department advertise for bids in Nike and other defense construction projects in order to assure contractors the widest possible opportunity to submit bids. Presumably many interested parties—mostly contractors—took advantage of this democratic opportunity. The military then took over and imposed "security" on Nike locations, once their construction was completed.

Directives and Hearings

The Army is not alone in disclosing guided-missile developments, which, next to nuclear data, are the most sensitive in our military arsenal. "Time and again," Assistant Defense Secretary Quarles has declared with exasperation, "technology of the highest significance has leaked into print." Some months ago, for example, the Bureau of Ordnance listed its secret guided-missile projects in a Navy telephone directory. When this *gaffe* was discovered, all directories were recalled and given a military classification.

The Air Force also may have handed over some appetizing morsels. Recently a magazine reported that the secret RASCAL air-to-ground missile was parked at the Niagara Falls municipal airport adjoining a public highway used by thousands of tourists. To cap this, the Office of the Secretary of Defense on March 4, 1954, published Directive 4200.5, which set up a production scheduling system for "hard goods," listing some eighteen missile projects as within this priority category. An aviation writer thereupon said that the directive "released more information on the U.S. missile program than had been previously released or leaked."

Inadvertent leaks aside, House and Senate hearing texts are marked for special Soviet interest. In the famous 1949 controversy concerning the B-36 long-range bomber, advocates of the

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strategic-bomber and aircraft-carrier weapon systems pressed their cases before Congress and the public with vigor and documentation. A House committee held protracted hearings in which practically every major military figure testified in public and in detail.

Obviously we cannot dam up all information of military value without undertaking a rigid censorship, and not even zealous advocates of a doubly fireproofed security system would wish to go that far. But the question remains: Can the government advise editors on security without raising the specter of censorship?

Probably not. But the distasteful need to do something remains.

What Can Be Done

In general terms, a three-point program is in order. The first two would involve internal policing: in the military by the Department of Defense, in the press by the A.S.N.E. The third would require a definite plan of co-operation between government and A.S.N.E.

On the first point, Secretary Wilson's controversial directive seeks to put an end to interservice wrangling. Elmer Davis has so strongly felt the need for a "crackdown" that he has written: "Apparently our services would rather lose the war than use one another's guided missiles, and forgo the publicity they get from having their own." Obviously, military public-information services must be consolidated and strengthened, and the March 29 directive is a start in that direction. There is some prospect that Secretary Wilson's objective here will be reached.

Second, the A.S.N.E. must police wayward editors—a necessity deriving from the cardinal legal principle that our society punishes not only the makers but also the purveyors of illicit goods. Chairman Wiggins has registered strong objections to this suggestion. While A.S.N.E. deplores leakage of military data, he claims that a larger issue is involved, that of "free communication, a mainspring of democracy." Wiggins declares that his publication of the Nike data not only keeps the public informed but "serves as a deterrent to a Russian attack on our cities."

That, of course, is one opinion. Perhaps recent disclosures of our Nike-installations program would deter one band of desperadoes about as much as disclosing the warden's plans to thwart breakouts at Alcatraz would deter scheming inmates.

Third, a joint A.S.N.E.-U.S. venture, voluntary now, but with rules, membership, and agenda, must be established. Historically, the A.S.N.E. has made a rather curious approach to the problem. In 1951, while we were at war in Korea, President Truman announced that State and Defense Department security systems would be standard for all other Federal agencies. The Society, apprehensive, appointed a committee to meet with the President. He tried to reassure them, saying: "I should like this thing to work as well as possible. If you people can suggest any improvements in it, I shall be glad to consider them."

'Oh, No'

Elmer Davis says that the Committee took this message back to the A.S.N.E. Executive Board, which said in effect: "Oh, no, it is not our business to suggest improvements. That is the President's business. Let him do something and then guess and see if it is what we want."

The Commerce Department's Mr. Honaman and his OSI were unmistakably not what the newspaper editors wanted, and they seem to like his move over to the Defense Department even less. Now that he has left Commerce, OSI will probably wither, but its brief existence has served to focus attention on a problem that many would like to ignore. For nearly a decade we have spent an average of fifty-nine cents out of every budget dollar for national defense; we have drafted our sons, husbands, and brothers; we have strained traditional liberties by setting up rigorous loyalty and security procedures that have pried into the personal lives of our citizens. And we have justified all these measures on grounds of national survival. Is it not paradoxical to stick to the broadest interpretation of freedom of the press even though abuse of this freedom may hand over to the enemy our most closely guarded secrets—printed on coated magazine stock with artfully designed picture layouts?

The British System

Our democracy is not the only one faced with censorship without the compulsions of war. The British press, without self-righteous homilies, has quietly accepted the jurisdiction of the Services Press and Broadcasting Committee, representing the three military services and all news media in the United Kingdom. This Committee's history dates back to just before the First World War, when editors and publishers joined to accept voluntary guidance from His Majesty's Government in printing news about troop movements and technical developments. For many years, in war and peace, voluntary guidance was given and accepted, and the Committee built up a reputation for integrity that helped it win solid support. Its procedures are disarmingly simple. When the military, a manufacturer, or any other interested party requests clarification of an issue, the Committee calls a meeting. The whole subject in its classified aspects is laid out, including the reasons for requesting the deletion of certain information.

Upon agreement of the Committee, a series circular bearing a code letter is sent out to media requesting that "all references to the following subjects should be avoided . . . in the national interest." Periodically, a "Summary of Notices in Force" keeps editors abreast of changes. The Committee has no legal status and is without the power of punishment—yet it works.

HERE THEN is the decision to make: Must we tell all we know about our national security in order to operate a democratic government? The British, who are second to none in their solicitude for their freedoms, have found a way out. Should we assume that nothing like the system that operates in Britain can work over here and that the price to be paid for democracy is to keep open the government's military files to public view?

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The Split Personality Of Congressman Walter

DOUGLASS CATER

A CURIOUS and not altogether healthy fact of life in Washington is that even the most powerful Members of the House of Representatives are not subject to the steady glare of publicity that seldom leaves their colleagues in the Senate. Perhaps it is this faulty lighting that accounts for the way Representative Francis E. Walter (D., Pennsylvania) can slip into and out of two dissimilar character parts he plays in the Congressional drama without anyone paying much attention.

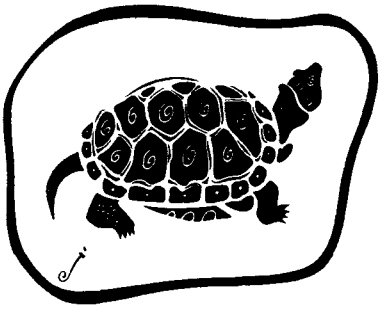
In one of these roles Walter is the archetype of Democratic respectability, a loyal friend of Speaker Sam Rayburn and a fairly consistent worker and voter in key Democratic programs, particularly those in the foreign-policy field, ranging from UNRRA to Point Four, through which the United States has extended a helping hand abroad. It is this role of responsible conservatism that has won him the respect of Northern and Southern Democrats alike.

But there is also the Francis Walter who, together with the late Senator McCarran, has blackened the reputation of his country abroad by sponsoring a piece of legislation that was deplored by both Presidential candidates in the last election. This is the Walter of the McCarran-Walter Immigration Act whom Adlai Stevenson refused to endorse when his campaign train passed through Walter's district in 1952. It is this Walter who is inclined to regard every prospective immigrant as a potential subversive and everyone who disagrees with his views on immigration as a danger to national security.

Both roles make Walter redoubtable. He is Chairman of the House Democratic Patronage Committee, a post he discharges with fatherly interest. It has earned him the devout good will of the many youths and old men who tend to the rather archaic chores about the Capitol. He is the ranking Democrat on the House Judiciary Committee and Chairman of its Subcommittee on Immigration, which among other things must scrutinize the countless private bills that Members submit in order to get around the immigration law they themselves have enacted. Finally, in the Eighty-fourth Congress Mr. Walter has become Chairman of the House Un-American Activities Committee.

The Folks Back Home

There are those who claim that a Congressman's character can be fairly assessed by the nature of the constituency he represents. If this be true, there is sufficient cause for complexity in Walter, for his Pennsylvania district is a diverse realm of heterogeneous interests. It combines



fashionable mountain-resort country with a depressed coal-mining region. It mingles the predominantly Pennsylvania Dutch population of Easton —Walter's home town—with the steel workers of Bethlehem, primarily central European in origin, and the Italian population of Roseto. Pennsylvania Railroad magnates have a powerful voice in the district, but so do officials of the CIO.

Above all, it is a district where a Congressman, be he Democratic or Republican, cannot pursue a leisurely path to seniority like some of the party patriarchs from the deep South and far North. Despite his twenty-two years in Congress, Walter is obliged to fight stiff competition and every now and again to resist the efforts of Republicans in the State Capitol to redistrict his constituency.

The Reluctant Chairman

Toward the controversial House Un-American Activities Committee, Walter has displayed an attitude that sometimes borders on disgust. In 1945, after its noisy career under Martin Dies, he opposed unsuccessfully the move to make the Committee permanent. In 1949, when it was in unusually bad repute—its recent chairman, J. Parnell Thomas, was under indictment for fraud—Walter agreed to accept appointment to the Committee "reluctantly and only at the urging of other Administration Democrats."

On more than one occasion since then he has expressed disillusionment with the Committee both in theory and in practice. Last November, after the Democratic victory had fated him to be its next chairman, he proposed that its functions be transferred to a Judiciary subcommittee. Perhaps this proposal, killed at birth by Republican outcries, did not represent as much self-abnegation as might appear, since in all likelihood Walter would have been chosen as chairman of the subcommittee anyway.

There have been occasions when Walter could not conceal behind a pretense of committee harmony his extreme distaste for what was going on. In 1953, when Chief Counsel Robert Kunzig issued a subpoena for Harry Truman, reportedly with Chairman Harold Velde's connivance, Walter told reporters that it was "the most incredible, insulting, un-American thing that I've encountered in my twenty-one years in Congress." Last December, when an Air Force captain in the Pentagon who reportedly had leaked secrets to the committee staff was discharged and then promptly appeared on the committee payroll, Walter announced sternly, "I don't intend to have anyone on our committee who got there through disloyalty to someone else. . . . It is ironic for an investigatory committee seeking to uphold the law to avail itself of illegal methods."

Upon taking charge of the Committee in January, Walter dismissed several employees and put through

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a twenty per cent budget cut. It is indicative of his prestige that the funds he requested were approved by the House without a dissent.

UNTIL RECENTLY, Walter has been willing to discuss the problems of the Un-American Activities Committee both frankly and dispassionately with reporters. In early 1953, shortly after Chairman Harold Velde had first suggested an investigation of the Protestant clergy, I had an interview with Walter in which he did not mince words in expressing his anger. I found him a trim, nattily dressed man with white hair, a faint trace of a drawl, and a slightly sour look as if he were actually tasting the unpleasant emotions he felt. He informed me that Velde and some of the staff members had set upon a course deliberately calculated to arouse the ire of its senior minority member. Velde would schedule hearings without a word of prior consultation; he would drag witnesses to the stand who he knew other committee members felt should be heard only in private; he had denied Walter access to the committee files without written consent; his whole attitude was one of rule-or-ruin.

'Survival Instinct'

Again this spring, only three days before Walter's initial attack on Edward Corsi, I was granted a long interview with him. Still accessible and friendly, he consented to discuss freely the problems confronting his new Committee. He described its fundamental weakness as stemming from a lack of legislative purpose, since the Judiciary Committee, not the Un-American Activities, bears primary responsibility for drafting legislation dealing with subversion. A far more logical arrangement, he pointed out, exists in the Senate, wherewith the Internal Security Subcommittee is subordinate to the full Judiciary Committee.

Walter referred to the "survival instinct" which has prompted the Un-American Activities Committee and more particularly its staff to embark on foolish enterprises. He deplored the lack of "high tradition" in the Committee to serve as a restraining influence.

Though contemptuous of Communists and those who abet the Communist conspiracy by hiding behind the Fifth Amendment, Walter expressed great tolerance for individuals who through mistake or accident had become involved in Communist-front activities long ago but who were clearly not part of a conspiracy.

Preventive Medicine

He commented that few of the people involved in Communist fronts up to the time of Korea had had any idea of what they were parties to. "Our interest in calling them before the Committee is to learn how to prevent whatever it was that caught them up," he said. "I have never regarded these investigations as punitive operations. I don't know why a man should be fired from his job because he made a mistake five years ago."

At one point during the interview we were discussing the Committee's files, and I mentioned that the dossier on an individual with the heading "From the Files of the House Un-American Activities Committee," which was available to any Congressman's office, was likely to be impressive in spite of the fact that the material was completely unevaluated. Walter nodded agreement, and as if to underscore the point pulled from his pocket just such a dossier and handed it to me. Its subheading indicated that it had been prepared at his request and that it contained information about a man whom I recognized as the assistant to a Senator who is a leading opponent of the McCarran-Walter Act. This assistant, I saw at a quick glance, had at one time been a member of some cooperative book store or other. Walter didn't say why he was carrying around this vital piece of information, and I didn't ask.

THE RECORD SHOWS that Walter has not always been unready to use such material against an opponent. At least that was the case with Roy E. James, a Republican presently on the staff of the Senate Labor Committee. James, a career civil servant since the days of Herbert Hoover, retired in 1948 to run against Walter. This temerity apparently aroused considerable bitterness in the Congressman, who charged James with membership in the American Veterans Committee, the Federal Bar Association, and the Institute of Pacific Relations, all of which, he claimed, were under Communist influence. Even winning the election failed to soften the Congressman's bitterness. Some months later, after James had been reinstated in civil service and was holding a job in the Department of the Army, he suddenly learned that Walter had demanded an investigation of his loyalty and his fitness. He was subjected to an extensive loyalty inquiry and subsequently cleared. Then he was dismissed as "unqualified" for the job, his Democratic superiors evidently being no better prepared to withstand Walter's wrath than was Secretary Dulles in the case of Edward Corsi.

Beware of Immigrants

But it is for immigration matters that Walter has reserved his greatest emotion, although he stubbornly rejects the notion that he is a foe of immigration. For some reason, in discussing immigration Walter has been unable to maintain the judicial calm that he exhibits toward his Un-American Activities assignment. He seems unable to accept as inevitable the controversy that crops up in such an important area of policy.

ASSOCIATES had an interesting display of this second Walter in December, 1951, when the Congressman attended the conference in Brussels to establish the Intergovernmental Migration Committee. J. Donald Kingsley, formerly director general of the International Refugee Organization, had been persuaded to forgo his scheduled appointment as U.N. Agent General for Korea in order to accept the directorship of this new committee. But Walter passed around word that Kingsley could not be appointed because there were two Communists on his staff. Pressed for proof, Walter said that it could be supplied by Senator McCarran, who unfortunately was not there. As a result, Kingsley did not receive the appointment but went on to his Korean post. Later, when interested officials called on McCarran in Washington to check the evidence, they were told that he had never heard of the two men.

(Continued on page 26)

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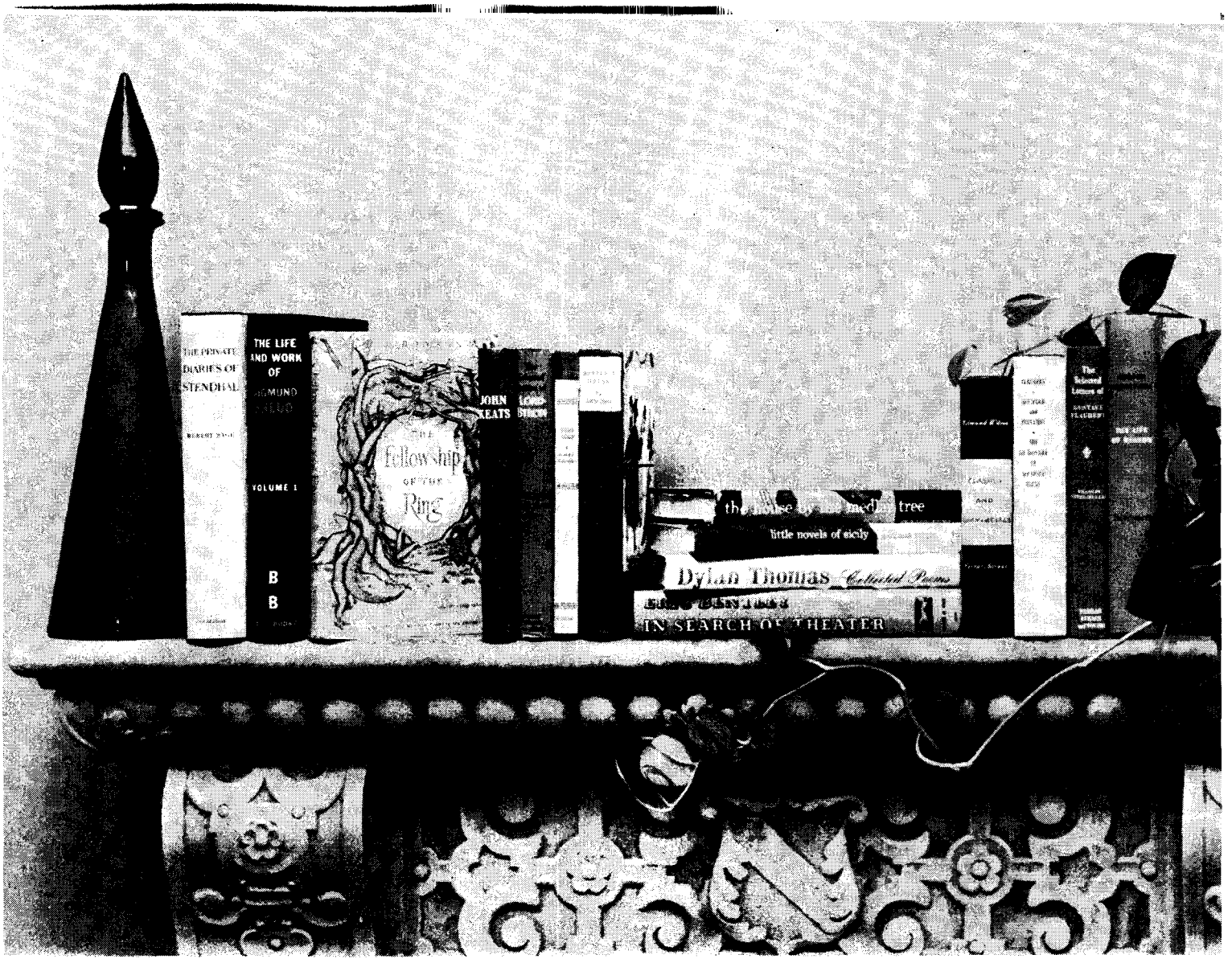

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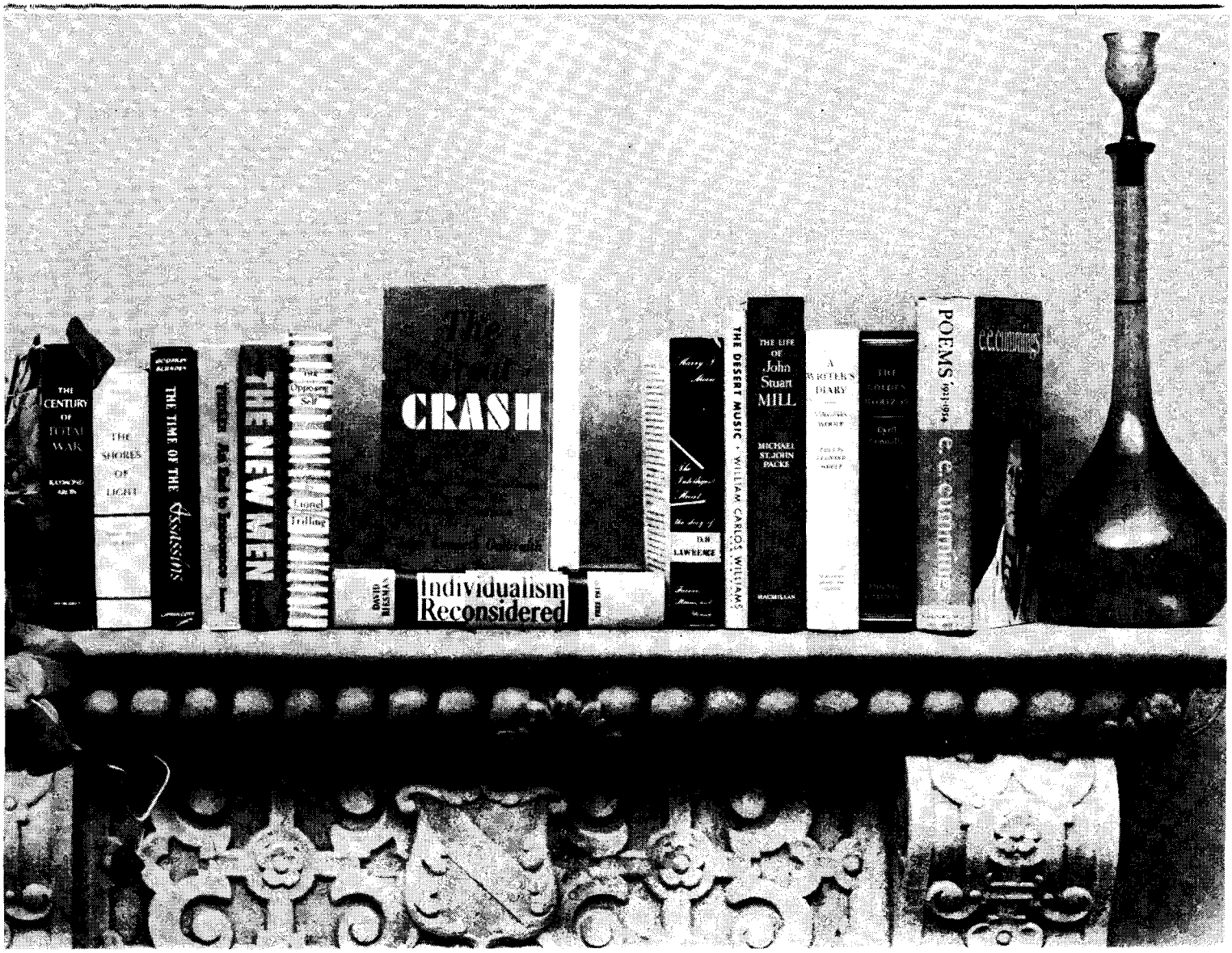

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THERE HAVE BEEN other instances of Walter's efforts to fight an imagined conspiracy with questionable methods. In the spring of 1953, at the very time he was decrying Chairman Velde's behavior, Walter appeared on a television program to debate the McCarran-Walter Act with former Solicitor General Philip B. Perlman. Among the questioners was the prominent Washington attorney Joseph A. Fanelli, who has handled a number of civil-liberties cases, including the recent security clearance of Navy employee Abraham Chasanow.

When Fanelli tried to ask Walter a question, the Congressman seized a piece of paper lying before him, flourished it before the cameras, and asserted ominously that Fanelli need not bother to ask his question, since he, Walter, knew all about Fanelli's record. After the program had ended in some confusion, Walter refused to show Fanelli whatever sinister evidence he had compiled. He displayed the same curious conviction that something is proved simply on his say-so during the Corsi affair, never even trying to document his contention that Corsi had belonged to certain organizations in which Corsi denied membership.

For Walter, criticism of the McCarran-Walter Act alone is apparently cause enough for grave suspicion. When Methodist Bishop G. Bromley Oxnan was being grilled by the House Un-American Activities Committee, Walter demanded acidly whether the Bishop's opposition to the immigration law was based on the fact that he was "not concerned with the number of Communists coming into the country." To Congressman Walter it seemed incredible that there could be any other reason for not liking the McCarran-Walter Act.

FOR some reason Walter has grown particularly sensitive about his chairmanship of the House Un-American Activities Committee. He protested indignantly when the *Evening Star*, in printing a letter from him, added that title beneath the signature. Maybe he doesn't like to be confused with some of his predecessors, particularly since on several occasions lately he seems to be living up to their standards.

FROM COVER TO COVER

ERIC SEVAREID

SOME PEOPLE subscribe to the *Daily Worker* to keep up to snuff on the insidious developments menacing the American way of life, but around here we rely on the *Wall Street Journal;* the *Journal* is pretty quick to seize upon the latest advances of creeping private enterprise no matter how innocently they may be disguised or how attractively packaged. And gracious, how beguiling the packaging has become—enough to lure and mislead all but the most experienced sleuths.

Pliofilm, glassine, vinyl, polyethylene, acetate, saran—these are just some of the front—or cover—names being used to give an aura of scientific respectability to the stuff now being used to wrap things like pickles, cheese, and tomatoes. In the days of our forefathers any American could look a tomato in the eye—well, anyway, a potato—after plucking it out of a good honest barrel, and tell whether it was respectable or alien.

Cellophane was new when my own agents last checked the movement, but it has gone far beyond that by now, as the *Journal* makes clear. The latest cover is called polyester, and anybody familiar with subversive terminology knows in a minute *that* one ought to be given a good, hard look. The *Journal* reveals that a bag made of polyester can be used for boiling water.

PACKAGING has become so important now that sales depend on it almost more than on the product itself. People even *pay* more, depending on the wrapping. The Du Pont Company checked 5,338 shoppers in 250 supermarkets in thirty-five cities. Their results shake the very foundations of faith of anybody brought up in the era when you moseyed around the general store, testing the cheese straight off the big round, tapping the watermelons, and fishing up the big dill pickle from the bottom of the keg. They found—the Du Ponts—that sixty-three per cent of all shoppers rush into the stores without even a shopping list. Seven of every ten decisions to buy are made right there on the spot; shoppers average 17.9 minutes in the store, taking less than a minute and a half to choose each item.

It's quite clear—tension, hurry, is what is leading to the downfall of the American way of eating; and the packaging boys are rushing us even faster to our ultimate collapse. After cans, cartons, dehydrating, and freezing, now comes the *tube*. You *squeeze* it out on your bread or plate. If you can stand any more after *that* intelligence, perhaps you should know that Martinis and Manhattans will soon come in bags, complete with olives and cherries.

BUT ABOUT that polyester bag usable for boiling water. I'm not sure whether you stand around holding the bag over the flame or what, but it does remind me of a story a leading statesman here tells of his days as a sergeant in an artillery camp in 1917. A Major Bingham—later Senator Bingham — arrived to take command. He had been in South America and he ordered the mess officers to cook rice in *bags*, as the Latins did. Well, the camp had no bags except paper bags. So paper bags full of rice would be dropped into the boiling kettles, and the general result served to the men.

One day thereafter, the sergeant was out on the firing range. The major yelled, "Captain, is the range clear?" The captain yelled, "Sergeant, is the range clear?" The sergeant yelled, "All clear, except for Major Bingham." And the captain yelled, "Fire!"

(From a broadcast over CBS Radio)

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Abe Goff, Our Chief Censor

DOROTHY KAHN

ABE GOFF, Solicitor of the Post Office Department, is the Federal government's chief censor. He is also, it appears, a general arbiter of American intelligence and literacy. It was Mr. Goff, as reported by the New York *Times* a few weeks ago, who condemned a copy of Aristophanes' *Lysistrata* (but later backed down), and who continues to ban delivery of certain copies of *Pravda* and *Izvestia,* on the ground that they contain "foreign political propaganda," and therefore make suitable reading for only a few specially qualified Americans. His definition of "foreign political propaganda" is fairly elastic. He is also withholding from the mails a good many British publications, including literature that is pacifist, neutralist, and anti-colonialist in varying degrees.

It was not easy to arrange an interview with Mr. Goff. "He doesn't see reporters," the Department told me at first. But it was finally arranged, and I found Mr. Goff to be a tall, folksy-looking former Republican Congressman from Moscow, Idaho. He felt aggrieved at his recent publicity. "There's nothing new about it," he told me. "We've been banning *Pravda* and *Izvestia* for years, since long before my time. The Department took a stand on Nazi propaganda in the early 1940's and nobody complained. We've been excluding Russian propaganda since 1950 and nobody ever said a word. I don't know why you reporters are all hounding us now. It's all perfectly routine."

Mr. Goff's Troubles

It may all be perfectly routine, but it is interesting to note that the legal authority for postal censorship of foreign publications is somewhat shaky. Mr. Goff proceeds under the terms of a letter written by the Attorney General in 1940 stating his opinion that the Foreign Agents Registration Act of 1938 could be used as a basis for excluding mail from abroad if the sender had not registered as a foreign agent. The Justice Department will make no comment on the letter today. "We weren't consulted and we have no opinion," the present head of the Foreign Agents Registration section told me. "This is the post office's baby." Apparently the Justice Department does have some doubts about the baby, however, because every year it quietly submits a bill to Congress that would turn the Attorney General's opinion into law.

MR. GOFF does not ban all deliveries of the Soviet newspapers. "As long as I am Solicitor of this Department," Mr. Goff said, banging his desk righteously, "no qualified recipients will be denied these publications. All they have to do is satisfy us that they have a legitimate reason for reading them."

When something that Mr. Goff considers offensive comes into the country, the post office intercepts it and asks the recipients if they want it. "We don't have much of a problem," he said comfortably. "Most Americans don't want the stuff."

If the recipient persists, he must explain why. "Of course," Mr. Goff emphasized, "we let it go through to colleges, research centers, and libraries. If we've heard of them, there's no question. If we haven't we make an investigation."

A querulous note crept into Mr. Goff's voice. "You see, some of this stuff is outright propaganda. It's full of distortions and misrepresentations about the United States. If ignorant people read it, they might begin to believe it." Not long ago, Mr. Goff amplified his views on ignorance before a Congressional committee. He told the committee he was worried about our "large groups of foreign-born citizens" and went on to say, "Some of them are unable to speak English and this is published in their own language and it is sent to them unsolicited, and inevitably if they receive it month after month it is bound to influence their thinking."

Mr. Goff had nothing to say about the steady flow of Communist propaganda in plain English put out by such nonregistered organizations as the U.S. Communist Party and its various front groups, or about the bulk shipments of Soviet propaganda, also in plain English, imported by such registered foreign agents as Imported Publications and Products of New York City.

Four years ago the Justice Department explained to the McCarran Committee that control of such propaganda was beyond the purview of the Act.

A few weeks ago, right in the midst of Mr. Goff's troubles, Imported Publications and Products prominently advertised its wares in the New York *Times* Book Section. It offered "A FREE catalogue of books in English and Russian from the Soviet Union."

Clearly Mr. Goff's is a confused and confusing job.

A Meeting with Friends

When it comes to non-Communist propaganda, Mr. Goff is in even more of a quandary. Last month he received a visit from officials of the American Friends Service Committee who were rather angry that he had banned six publications addressed to them from abroad. One of these was a pamphlet entitled "Guatemala: The Fate of a Small Nation," published by the Movement for Colonial Freedom, a left-wing but anti-Communist British group supported by a good many Members of Parliament. The others were pacifist and neutralist works on South Korea, Indo-China, and other perplexing subjects. None of the material, so far as anyone knew, was put out by Communists, although some of it was openly critical of America. Even so, Mr. Goff was worried about the reaction of the "masses."

The meeting was pleasant enough. On the basis of a lengthy exchange of views Mr. Goff promised to re-examine his policies, which is presumably what he is doing right now. At last report the Friends have heard nothing further from him.

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On the Eve Of the British Election

WOODROW WYATT

LONDON

As a Labour Member of Parliament with many campaigns behind him remarked to me, "There has never been an election like this. One wouldn't be surprised at anything happening—a swing to the Conservatives, a swing to us, or everything remaining just about as it is."

A Gallup Poll taken just before Chancellor of the Exchequer R. A. Butler announced his budget gave forty-eight per cent in favor of the Conservatives, forty-four per cent for Labour, and seven per cent for the Liberals. This, translated into terms of Parliamentary seats, might give the present Government a majority of a hundred over Labour in the House of Commons as against their present majority of twenty-eight.

A further Gallup Poll taken on April 26—after the budget and after the election date had been announced—showed that the Conservatives had already lost much of their lead. Forty-seven and a half per cent said they would vote for the Conservatives, forty-seven per cent for Labour, and five per cent for the Liberals.

IN BRITAIN, election campaigns last for less than three weeks. In the last two elections the Labour Party has seemed a long way behind at the start of the campaigns and gained support as it proceeded. It is not until some ten days before polling day, this time May 26, that the decisive impact is made on the electorate. Although the Conservatives are favorites at the moment, it would be a rash gambler who put much money on them.

In the United States the policy of a party appears to emerge out of a succession of speeches by its Presidential candidate. In Britain the policy of each party is declared in a brief manifesto issued shortly after an election is announced. In drawing up its manifesto for this election, Labour has had first of all to consider the Conservative strength.

The Conservatives have done better in power than most of their opponents expected. They come to the election with substantial assets. Britain today looks prosperous. Despite Labour prophecies of woe at the 1951 election there has still been no unemployment. Rationing of all kinds has disappeared and many restrictions have been lifted or eased. The rate of housebuilding has increased. Private individuals have now been allowed to build their own houses—not merely wait their turn for houses built by public authorities. The Conservatives have not dared dismantle much of the welfare state created by the Labour Government.

Foreign Policy

On the foreign scene the greatest threat to the Conservatives at the last election was the suggestion that they were less interested in peace than the Labour Party. Prime Minister Churchill bitterly resented the charge that he was a warmonger. He has worked strenuously to display himself as a man of peace, and probably has persuaded the electorate that there is nothing to choose between the major parties in their desire or ability to keep Britain out of war. In the Far East the Conservative Government has been as reluctant to support the United States unreservedly as were the Socialists. Before becoming Prime Minister, Sir Anthony Eden won the applause even of the Opposition for his handling of the Geneva Conference.

Now both parties are committed to top-level talks among the great powers. Labour propaganda that to vote Conservative was to run the risk of war has misfired. The Conservatives have slowed down the great rearmament program launched by the Labour Government in 1951. Total spending on defense projects has been declining.

The third major asset on the side of the Conservatives is Aneurin Bevan's quarrel with the leadership of the Labour Party. Sir Winston was at some pains to show Bevan up during this Parliament. He and his friend Lord Beaverbrook knew that if the public could be convinced that the effective leadership of the Labour Party was in Bevan's hands the Labour vote would slump sharply. Lord Beaverbrook's three newspapers worked hard to inflate Bevan's importance. When the National Executive of the Labour Party decided recently by one vote not to expel Bevan, the editorial in the *Daily Express* of the following day declared: "Bevan has triumphed. He is the dominating figure in the Party and the choice of its members. Mr. Attlee should now stand down and present him with the leadership." Tory propaganda is directed at showing the Labour Party as disunited and falling into the hands of irresponsible extremists.

Labour and the H-Bomb

However, the moment the election was announced, Labour's divided ranks began to come together again. Bevan has declared his loyalty to the party program and leadership, and has been readmitted to the Parliamentary Labour Party. Bevanites and anti-Bevanites will work together. The danger that Bevan's supporters, often the most active party workers, would hold back has been averted.

In Britain today the H-bomb has assumed dominating importance. When a public-opinion poll put the question "Should Britain manufacture the H-bomb?" over half those queried said "No," including a substantial number of Conservatives. Sir Richard Acland actually resigned from the Labour Party and from Parliament to fight the election as an anti-H-bomb candidate.

But the Labour Party—including Bevan—is officially behind the decision to make the H-bomb. Some voters may have the impression that the Labour Party is less keen on

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manufacturing it than the Conservatives are. Certainly there has been great concern over the continuance of H-bomb explosions since some scientists took to saying that the level of radiation in the world might be raised to the danger point. The Labour Party has made part of its program the demand that attempts be made for an international agreement to end H-bomb test explosions. The Government has refused to accept the proposition that H-bomb experiments should end.

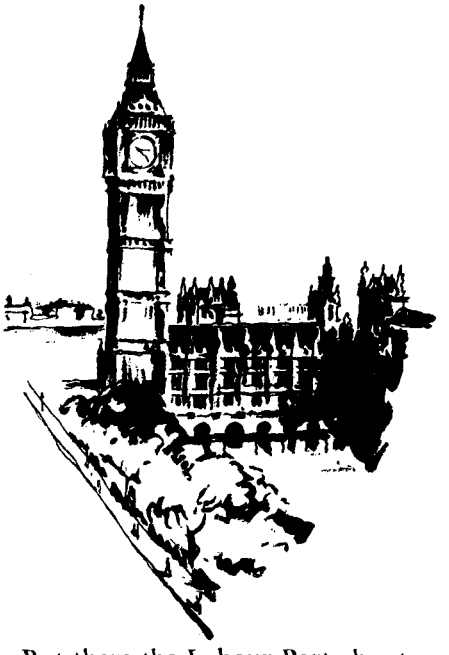
Neutralize Formosa?

The only other issue in foreign affairs where there is some disagreement is a matter of emphasis. The Labour Party stands for pushing the entry of Communist China into the United Nations now. The Conservatives, while generally accepting the legality of Communist China's claim on the Chinese seat in the Security Council, are reluctant to urge it now for fear of giving offense to the United States.

The Labour Party will come out openly with the proposition that Formosa should be neutralized forthwith and that a plebiscite should be held there in a few years to decide whether the island should be an independent entity or should join Red China. This proposal would include the removal of Chiang Kai-shek from Formosa and the dispersal of his army on the island to various places that the soldiers concerned might select. Labour may expect to get some support for this. In the eyes of the Britain the most dangerous threat to world peace arises in Formosa, and there is some inclination to put more of the blame on the United States than on Red China. By the same token, Labour will be slightly more hostile to U.S. policies than the Government is. Some candidates will whip up anti-Americanism; most will simply demand a rather firmer attitude on the part of Whitehall toward the State Department. Labour will also make an appeal to idealists by urging more aid to the underdeveloped areas of the world.

The Domestic Front

But foreign affairs is not a fruitful field for votes, and defense is an equally unpromising area. The main Labour attack will come on the rise in the cost of living, and on Butler for abandoning Labour's policy of "fair shares." Under the Labour Government the cost of living moved up at a slower pace than elsewhere in Europe. Food subsidies, rationing, and price controls kept it down. Since the Tories came in the cost of living has risen faster than in any other European country, although the terms of trade have swung in Britain's favor. This has happened because the Conservatives have gradually cut the food subsidies designed to peg prices, have largely abandoned price controls and have given up rationing.



But there the Labour Party has to be careful. The Tories have been quick to say that a Labour Government would restore the ration book. The Labour Party has denied this with indignation and vehemence. Labour's answer to the cost of living is long-term government contracts with food producers, particularly in Commonwealth countries, the imposition of price controls where necessary, the elimination of waste in food production, and vigorous measures against monopolies that inflate prices of branded food products. Much will be made of Tory promises at the last election to cut the cost of living and the evident failure to fulfill them.

In the recent debate on the budget, former Chancellor Hugh Gaitskell set the tone of the Labour attack on the Government's general economic record. He was given the loudest ovation I have heard for a Labour spokesman in this Parliament or the last. Labour Members came hoping to hear from him something to put into their election speeches, and they got it. Mr. Gaitskell described the present appearance of prosperity as a bogus boom. He admitted that production had gone up since the Conservative Government came in, but he said that it had gone up at only half the rate that it was going up during Labour rule. Exports have barely increased at all during the last three years, whereas under Labour each year showed a decided lift. The gold and dollar reserves were nearly $600 million less than they were when the Conservative Government took over.

The Labour Party will do its utmost to persuade the country that the Government has decided on an election now because it dares not face the economic crisis coming in the autumn.

Butler's Budgets

Although Butler's budgets have benefited large numbers of people, they have been planned with great cunning. The Chancellor has appreciated the salient fact of the British political situation: that a solid number of electors will vote Conservative or Socialist whatever any Government does. The million or so undecided voters are the ones who matter. Most of these earn roughly $35 to $60 a week, a high wage in Britain.

If there were widespread unemployment and hardship, the conscience of the floating voters would be offended. Provided that the badly off are not made too badly off, it is possible for a Conservative Chancellor of the Exchequer to give benefits to the floating voters for which they may be likely to show gratitude at the polls. Consequently, although Butler's taxation policy has substantially benefited large companies and the very rich, it has also helped middle-class voters.

Labour hopes that Mr. Butler may have made a miscalculation. He may not have caught in his net as many voters as he thinks. Certainly the Labour Party will make much of the fact that beginning in July,

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by Government edict recent increases in old-age pensions and unemployment benefits will have to be paid for by increased contributions from all workers.

On its side, Labour will offer further moves toward equality of income and wealth. High on the list is a capital-gains tax that would skim off much of the income-tax-free money gained by the wealthy. Stock values have gone up over the last four years by something like forty per cent. That increase in wealth has so far been untaxed. Before the last Labour Government ended it had on the legislative books a law to restrict the amount of dividends that companies might pay. This was abandoned by the Tories but would be reintroduced by a Labour Government. Labour also pledges new inheritance taxes.

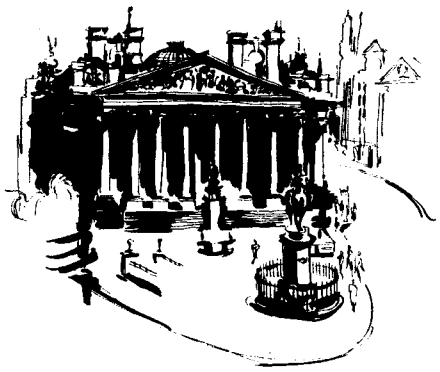
Opportunity vs. Security

A central theme of Labour propaganda will be "the family." Where Conservatism gives chances to the enterprising individual, Socialism is concerned with security for the family. The Labour Party will announce plans for a new Ministry of Social Welfare. This would bring all the various agencies responsible for national assistance, unemployment pay, sickness benefits, old-age pensions, war pensions, widows' pensions, and the rest under one roof, and effect an immediate increase in the National Assistance rates supplementary to the present pensions and benefits.

Also under the heading of "the family" comes a new Labour demand for better schools and educational opportunities. Britain's schools are old-fashioned and tremendously overcrowded. Low pay for teachers has meant classes far too large to be manageable. An increased rate of housebuilding has prevented the construction of new schools. Labour proposes a vast new expenditure on education. Labour will also propose that anyone passing the entrance examination to a university will automatically get a state scholarship. In other words, there would be absolute equality of educational opportunity for everyone.

Labour will also promise to keep up the rate of housebuilding maintained by the Tories. It adds a revolutionary proposal that all houses let for profit by individuals will be acquired by local public authorities. In this way it is intended that rents should be equalized and houses kept in good repair.

ALL THESE proposals are designed to continue the building up of the welfare state. The concept is



highly popular in Britain, and the Labour Party, as its creator and champion, hopes to gain support by offers to strengthen it.

In the field of nationalization, Labour will propose to restore steel and road transport to state ownership. New candidates for nationalization are the chemical industry and those engineering and aircraft firms which a Labour Government may feel are not up to standard in efficiency. In its program the Labour Party reserves the right to start new industrial firms of its own and to expand public ownership. Some emphasis will be laid on atomic power for peaceful purposes and the significance of the new age of automation; but in these fields there will not be much to choose between Conservatives and Socialists. In agriculture the Labour Party guarantees the farmer fixed prices for his produce. It also promises him increased capital to buy farm equipment and threatens the inefficient farmer with having his property run for him.

Labour's problem is to present these steps in such a way as not to frighten the doubtful and wavering. It may have a very good chance of success because the welfare state has come to stay and the mood in Britain today demands equality among the classes. There is also an awareness of the need for efficiency and planning. Britain is so small a country with so large a population and such limited material resources that many people see the force of Labour's contention that only careful and detailed planning can enable Britain to survive economically.

Even the Conservatives have praised the efficiency of nationalized industries such as coal and the railways, in which there has been more investment since the war than in any others. They are rapidly becoming modernized and are far above their prewar standards.

Why Labour Might Lose

Labour, however, is handicapped by the fact that there are no glaring injustices to be remedied. Without lines of unemployed at the labor exchanges or the sight of people near starvation selling matches in the streets, it is hard to rouse passionate enthusiasm for Socialism. The case for Socialism demands much patience and clarity in its explanation. The postwar Conservative Party has made Labour's task of explanation even more difficult by accepting a large portion of the Socialist concepts.

The election may be heavily influenced by television. For the first time in Britain each party will have three television broadcasts, each watched by some ten million viewers. Television is making a tremendous impression in Britain. Each side will bend its greatest effort to present its case effectively on television. So far, the Conservatives have proved better television broadcasters than the Labourites. Sir Anthony Eden, who has great charm, will introduce his Cabinet on the television screen. Mr. Attlee is unlikely to have the same impact. Nevertheless it is possible Labour will produce something quite effective.

AT THE MOMENT in Britain there is not a great deal to divide the parties, or people within the parties. Certainly the Labour Party would take Britain further along the road to Socialism. Even though the Conservatives would protest about that, they would not be as heartbroken as they pretend. It is the comparative narrowness of the gap, in the public mind, between the likely performances of the two parties that makes the May 26 outcome so uncertain.

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Sweden's Muscular Neutrality

BLAKE EHRLICH

STOCKHOLM

THE VISITOR to this placid little nation of lakes and hills, this minor kingdom which has shunned war since 1814, expects to find Sweden snug between the parentheses of its historic neutrality, happily preoccupied with perfecting snow removal and improving the flavor of its temperance beer. The visitor gets the surprise of his life.

While there is little talk of war here in Stockholm, people are proud of their armed forces and excited about their defense program. Psychologically and physically, Sweden is the western European nation most ready to go to war tomorrow.

The Swedes themselves, who take for granted the program and its overwhelmingly popular support, don't realize how strikingly they compare with other continental powers of the West, where even gravely deficient arms programs are matters for bitter squabbles, where civil defense is a joke if it exists at all, where the biggest barrier to defense is the wall of public indifference to the whole question of national security. For some reason, the Swedes like to picture themselves in the figure of a rather paunchy businessman who avoids wars because he doesn't want to disturb business as usual. When I have suggested to several dozen leading Swedes here that theirs is actually a war-minded country, their reactions have ranged from hoots of laughter through dismay to downright horror. However, among foreigners stationed here, especially the military, naval, and air attachés, I've found unanimous agreement with my impression.

The Little Red Pamphlet

The Swedes have the world's fourth largest air force, ranking right after the United States, the Soviet Union, and Britain. Every Swedish citizen over the age of fifteen is registered, tagged, and ticketed for a wartime job, and even the dogs and horses have draft numbers. Hospitals, factories, government offices, hangars, and naval installations have been put underground, sheltered deep in the native granite.

In every Swedish home you will find a small red-covered pamphlet thirty-five pages long, published by the Royal Civil Defense Board on the instruction of the King in Council. On the back cover, in a halo of black barbed wire with a white bayonet for an exclamation point, is the following message:

"Every attack against the freedom and independence of the realm will be met with force. Every report that resistance will cease is false. Sweden can and will defend herself."

The first thing in the booklet is a series of unpleasant truths: "Modern warfare is ruthless and total. The aggressor will seek to break down our resistance by any means in the shortest possible time. . . ." This statement is followed by a short, brutal sketch of the nature and scope of "any means"—bombs, bayonets, trickery, terror.

The Swedes are told they "must accept" such things as "shortages, rationing, evacuation, direction of labor, etc. A people at arms cannot maintain the ways of peace."

IT IS EXPLAINED that plans have already been made for the evacuation of the national government from Stockholm and of provincial governments from their normal seats. "Evacuation does not mean flight and desertion, it is a planned step to secure the direction of our total defense."

By the simple touch of an alarm button, setting off a continuous warbling siren note, Sweden can be placed immediately on a war footing. "This signal means that: . . . all personnel with a war appointment in the armed forces or in the civil defense will immediately report to their mobilization depots; all vehicles, dogs, and horses, requisitioned in peacetime for use in the armed forces or in civil defense, will be conveyed to the place indicated in the requisitioning order."

Evacuation of civilian populations from urban centers, an extraordinarily tricky subject, is treated in full. The Prime Minister, Tage Erlander, said not long ago in Parliament, "Naturally, not even the most well-concerted plan of evacuation provides any guarantee for the possibility of putting evacuation into effect."

But the Swedes *do* have a well-concerted plan, nevertheless. One hundred and thirty thousand men and women (there will be more) have already been intensively trained as members of a civil-defense Special Service Branch to supervise evacuation of three million persons from one hundred communities. The rural areas to which the civilians will be evacuated are stocked to receive the evacuees. Special Service Branch overlays on the map of Stockholm are several inches thick. No matter what happens to airfields, railways, roads, assembly points, and shipping, they aim to get the civilians out of target areas without hampering the military. There have already been trial evacuations of portions of major cities, and in the picniclike atmosphere of summer and peace they have gone off like smoothly run week-end excursions. In war things would be far different, but Sweden hopes for sufficient warning to move the civilians out of cities, off military supply lines, and away from likely combat areas before the shooting starts.

For those who are needed in the cities, vast rock shelters are being dug. In Stockholm, the present deep shelters (ceilings ninety feet thick)

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can hold eighty thousand persons, and the finished program will provide shelter for four hundred thousand. If the ventilators should be knocked out, chemicals will keep the air breathable for ten hours, a longer time than the longest air raid ever staged. Being the businessmen they pride themselves on being, Stockholmers are going to use the biggest of the downtown shelters as a peacetime underground garage, relieving some of the traffic commissioner's headaches and paying off some of the construction costs.

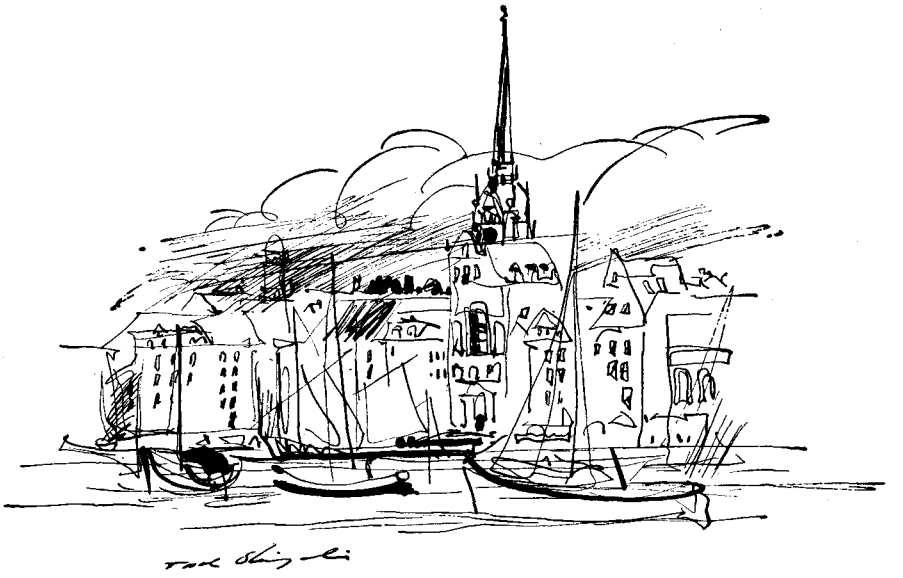
All this costs money—$28 million last year, a rate per person ($4) more than thirteen times that levied for civilian defense in the United States (twenty-nine and a half cents). Industry pays its own civil-defense bill for equipment and air-raid shelters, its employees making up civil-defense staffs within plants as well as special government-trained anti-sabotage squads. Industry is also a heavy contributor to the Nation and Defense Association, made up of some forty-one voluntary organizations.

"Nation and Defense," since it includes the labor unions, the manufacturers' associations, the huge cooperatives, the Farmers' Union, and various white-collar unions, permeates every aspect of Swedish life. It has a constant captive audience, since the Swedes have voted themselves into total civil-defense conscription. Every citizen over fifteen is obliged by law to take sixty hours a year of civil-defense training and is obligated to sign up for active duties if he is not slated for First Signal mobilization.

'Let's See the Files'

Sweden goes even further to get everybody into the act. The Defense Staff College admits civilians to the hush-hush courses it runs for selected officers of the three forces. These civilians, who come from government departments as well as from industry and commerce, make up about half the student body.

The thinking behind this procedure was explained by the Prime Minister while he was talking about atomic research, and what he said about atoms applies to all security matters: "To allow the picture to become distorted by undue secretiveness and unwarranted illusions would mean very bad preparation. It would mean that we were lulled into a false security, or became ready victims to rumor-mongering. Democracy draws its life from the knowledge, insight, and trust of each individual citizen and from his being able openly to discuss the questions that matter, after having had free access to the relevant facts."



Every Swedish citizen is free to march into any government office and demand to see the files. His citizenship is his guarantee that he may see them. That's the law. Bureaucrats are thus leery about slapping RESTRICTED and SECRET labels on their dossiers.

THE ARMED FORCES, although they have the right to the services of all males between nineteen and forty-eight, need even more men. The women's auxiliaries need more women. Thus civil defense often has to content itself with half a man or woman. That is, when the essential worker is through with his day's desk duty at the Economic Defense Board he is expected to take over a shift as fire watcher or special policeman. Home Guard and its seagoing equivalent, the Naval Defense Corps, are also looking for recruits —as are the voluntary corps for motor cars, motorcycles, and ham radios; the Red Cross; and the Service Dogs' Club. Women are sought as Red Cross medical aids, as Blue Star veterinary aids, as drivers for military and civilian transport. "Women with previous experience," the pamphlet says, "or who for other reasons consider themselves suitable for work in essential industries should report to the Provisional Labor Boards now. Many women may be able to take over the work of their husbands." A less gentle note, further on under "Direction of Labor," points out to women that if they don't volunteer for some full-time war activity, they may be drafted into industry.

The authorities also have planned guerrilla units and underground resistance: "Obey instructions through radio or other channels."

The Armed Forces

Reorganized on the basis of the brigade rather than the bigger and less flexible division, the regular armed forces employ every possible means to stretch their limited manpower. A draftee trains for ten months, and during his remaining years on call he gets three month-long refresher courses. Specialists and noncommissioned officers take forty days. There is no "army in being" here, only a cadre of career officers, NCOs, and specialists whose peacetime job is largely a training mission. For the refresher courses the General Staff tries to counteract the shortness of time by calling up men as members of a fighting unit rather than as draftees of a certain age group.

The Swedes look to new weapons to give enormous firepower to a small ground force. They have rockets and have lately produced a guided missile. Their researchers are working

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frantically, handicapped by lack of consultation with NATO nations, to devise a tactical atomic warhead for it. Sweden's interest in atomic energy predates the Second World War, and Gordon Dean, ex-Chairman of the U.S. Atomic Energy Commission, said in his *Report on the Atom*, "One might reasonably assert that Sweden has the most completely equipped nuclear science laboratories in Western Europe, next to England."

The Swedes have another powerful weapon: their own terrain. Mechanized military operations would be almost impossible in the upper two-thirds of the country, the Norrland. "Beyond the valley of the Dal we have no oaks, no lobsters, and no nobles," is the old saying. The forests, lakes, mountains, and bogs of the dark and frozen north would be brutal terrain for an attacker. "I'd hate to be commanding invasion troops in that country up there," one of the western attachés told me. "You'd find yourself trying to stiffen your lines of communication only to find out that you had no lines of communication."

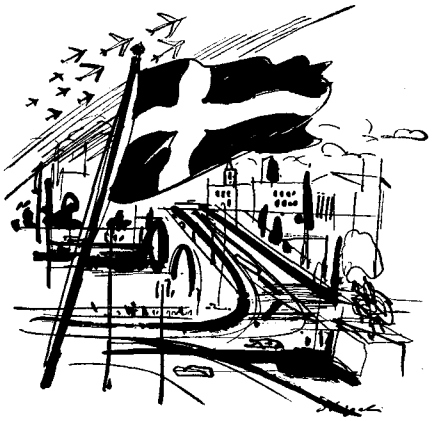
Just short of one-quarter of Sweden's annual budget is given to the armed forces, a sum amounting to 4.7 per cent of the national income. The civil-defense expenditure is listed as part of the Ministry of Interior's appropriation, and stockpiling goes on the Commerce Department's appropriation. The total bill comes to around half a billion dollars.

The government is now considering a proposal from the armed forces to make their allotment a standard 4.7 per cent of the national income during the next ten years. The military reckons that as the national income rises, the military appropriation will thus automatically increase too, and if nothing else is gained, they will at least be able to keep pace with rising costs and eventually devote a larger amount to weapons research.

Psychological Defense

Another contender for a cut of the defense budget has just come into existence to take its place with the National Defense Research Board, the Medical Defense Board, the Economic Defense Board, and others. It is the Psychological Defense Planning Board. The Board's peacetime mission is to study propaganda (especially that of potential enemies), finding out where it comes from, how it is disseminated, what its purpose is, and how well or badly it works on Swedes.

What they're after in the end is an effective system of control of Sweden's wartime psychology: to keep morale high while discouraging lynch-mob superpatriotism, to prick the balloon of overconfidence without encouraging defeatism, to strengthen discipline without curbing initiative. It must keep the public informed, yet controlled; they want to tell the truth, yet not give the show away.



Board members made it clear to me that their peacetime activities do *not* include putting out propaganda. They agreed that Sweden is sufficiently steamed up not to need it.

ONE EVENING at the movies I saw some of Sweden's new SAAB J-29 fighters, their underground hangars, their radar installations, and their night-landing techniques. The underground hangars hug the perimeters of operating air bases. They accommodate planes, repair shops, ammunition, spare parts, and fuel. Their smooth-rolling but ponderously armored doors protect against skip-bombing and strafing, and the forty-foot-thick granite roofs are considered bombproof. Against the double cost of underground construction and special machinery to ensure thirty-second "scrambles" in case of alert, the bookkeeping Swedes equate the savings in imported fuel required by drafty ordinary hangars during the long winters. The entrances to the hangars bulge near the runways like prehistoric sod-covered barrows; the granite bedrock is but a few feet beneath the surface.

The privilege of seeing this I purchased for seventy-five cents, and got also for my money a new Swedish feature film displaying at least one unclad female, at present a standard fixture in most locally made movies. The short subject that preceded the feature was an Air Force release, telling the story of a jet fighter on night exercise. The plane's radio goes dead, but, tracked on radar, the ship is brought back to the field through a storm by another jet from the same squadron. It was told with much skill, and the result was as exciting as a good war film, with the audience applauding wildly.

It was, I was told, a typically good example of the armed forces' running account of its progress. Although the official aim of the motion-picture units may be "an informed citizenry," the result is still propaganda no matter what its producers call it.

VIEWED DIMLY through the distorting mirror of 141 years of peace, war seems a bizarre but rather thrilling game to many Swedes. The Swedes in charge, however, know what the score is. The current report of the Commander in Chief of the armed forces, General Swedlund, states flatly that a Scandinavian campaign is an essential part of any Russian thrust at Europe, and Sweden cannot hope to stay out of the battle for very long. He also says what he and other responsible national leaders, even the extreme isolationists, have been saying since 1947: The final basis of Swedish defense is help from the West. The Commander in Chief talks about only one possible invasion, a Russian invasion; only one defensive scheme, a defense against the Soviet bloc; and only one source of aid, the West. Sweden is only superficially neutral.

There is no trade in armaments with Communist nations, but weapons are both bought from and sold to the West. The recent expulsion of Communist diplomats dramatizes the situation; there have been no such incidents involving non-Communists. As the Swedes themselves

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frequently remark, with only the trace of a smile, "The Americans observe. The Russians spy."

Sweden Needs Allies

The Commander in Chief makes no bones about the military situation, as pertinent extracts from his report show:

"If a small nation is not in possession of atomic weapons and is not allied with powers having such weapons at their disposal, this fact in itself may entice the aggressor into attacking. . . . our freedom from alliance can in certain respects make it an advantage for an aggressor to begin hostilities—at least in the Scandinavian operational theater—with an attack against our country.

"Our resources are not sufficiently ample to permit us to withstand an attack by a great power for any length of time without economic and military support from the outside. Seen from this viewpoint, our strategy must be directed toward the creation of conditions enabling us to receive aid in war from powers finding it compatible with their interests to assist us."

Under army regulations, that's as far as the Commander in Chief dare go. As a soldier debarred from discussion of political questions, he is muzzled on such questions as Sweden's foreign policy of nonalliance, which is political dynamite.

But even though his sentences may be fitted with baffle plates, there is no mistaking his meaning. Militarily, Sweden needs allies. He says aid must be arranged for, as indeed, if it is to come in time, it must. In modern warfare a simple cry for help does not bring help just like that. Logistics are a matter for electronic brains to compute, a matter for long planning of the sharing of supplies, a matter of standardization of weapons and matériel, of coordination of strategy, of agreement on objectives and methods. Such a subject as convoys takes weeks of detailed hammering out. Whose escort vessels take over the convoy where, in what pattern, using what signals? Where are the refueling points? Who supplies air cover for what sectors? Those are a few of the thousands of questions to be answered on one small subject. When it comes to air support for ground troops, the matter can become even more complicated.

"NATO planning," I was told in Paris, "would certainly be unrealistic if we did not make plans that include Swedish participation in a war." But NATO cannot earmark in advance a guessed-at number of troops, planes, ships, an estimated number of tons of supplies to be dispatched under war conditions to an invaded Sweden. Without detailed talks in advance, a last-minute ally can render only one kind of help to an invaded Sweden: Liberate it.

Informal Talks

Hamstrung though they are by Sweden's policy, the armed forces' chiefs have taken several steps that

should make it possible to have talks without officially having talks. There are, for instance, many more airfields in Sweden than there are aircraft to use them. They are capable of handling any planes the Swedes have now (they have no large bombers); and during the long winter, runways can be extended with packed snow to receive any planes used by NATO. The radar at these fields is all foreign-made. The Swedes are armored with British Centurion tanks and have recently added a French howitzer, that, with a slight revision of fire-control tables, will take U.S. ammunition.

These are all ideal subjects on which to pump NATO nations for technical information. A workaday encounter between technicians would be so minor and ordinary it wouldn't even be worth a public announcement. Once the technicians got together, there'd be nothing to prevent them from straying to larger subjects than millimeter calibrations and coefficients of expansion.

What prevents these conversations? Sweden's defense effort is as big a one as the nation can make, and it is admittedly not big enough to save the country without outside aid. There must be talks in advance if assistance is to be at all effective, so why not, for the cause of saving Sweden, have the talks?

Herbert Tingsten, editor of *Dagens Nyheter,* the country's largest newspaper, has fought virtually alone for Swedish membership in NATO. Although he is greatly respected and finds some private support for his opinions, he receives few public endorsements of his views. He says, "The government wants to enjoy the advantages of co-operation with the West without shouldering its responsibilities; it wants to be regarded as a semi-ally in Washington and as strictly neutral in Moscow. This game can scarcely go on any longer."

The Parliament here, like the pre-Pearl Harbor Congress, believes in a policy of "no entangling alliances." Its members patriotically vote huge defense appropriations, knowing full well that Sweden's biggest effort cannot be quite big enough, that morale alone is not enough to stop guided missiles. Having abandoned total head-in-the-sand neutrality, they cannot move further into the stream of things than the dry rock of "nonalliance," even though they have seen Denmark and Norway, with whom they are closely linked and from whom they are strategically indivisible, go the whole way into the western defense bloc. One hundred and forty-one years of peace can drug the mind pretty effectively.

THERE STANDS Sweden on the Scandinavian ridge, tough, trained, clad in full armor. It knows where its friends are and where its enemies are. Sweden would make a valuable NATO ally on a vulnerable flank; and without western backing, brave Sweden is doomed. Yet Sweden stands alone.

In many ways, the visitor finds, the Swedes are surprising.

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Country Music

I. The Death of Hank Williams

ELI WALDRON

HANK WILLIAMS, the country singer, drew his last breath at about three in the morning of January 1, 1953, leaving behind him fifteen million mourning fans of hillbilly music, a considerable fortune, a wife, an ex-wife, two children, and a devoted mother.

At the time of his unexpected demise, Williams, who for four years on radio and juke box had rivaled even the great Roy Acuff in the extent and depth of his popularity, was reclining in the back seat of an automobile on his way to a New Year's Day engagement at Canton, Ohio. The previous evening Williams's plane had been forced down at Knoxville by bad weather, and he had checked into a hotel there to get some rest. Since sleep had been denied him for several years, he at once called a physician, who at once gave him a small, easeful squirt of morphine. With the narcotic floating around inside him, smoky and cool, he managed to lie still for a few hours. Then the thin, spectral figure, six feet tall, half bald at twenty-nine, hollow-eyed and pale, staggered up out of bed and got into the hired car that was waiting for him. For exactly a year now, he had been altogether crazed by drink, narcotics, and the torture of sleeplessness.

The end of all this lay up the road just a few hours away. Two hundred miles out of Knoxville, at Oak Hill, Virginia, the chauffeur stopped the car, tried to awaken Williams, and noticed that he "felt cold." He *was* cold. He was dead.

The autopsy revealed traces of alcohol in Williams's veins but no sign of the sedation administered by the Knoxville physician. Nor did it reveal, as many thought it might, any residuum of the chloral hydrate the singer had been regularly consuming. After an inquest, the death of Hank Williams was put down to a heart attack.

WILLIAMS returned to his home town of Montgomery, Alabama, feet first, there to participate, in a subdued and most un-Williams-like way, in the greatest emotional orgy in the city's history since the inauguration of Jefferson Davis. Three thousand people stampeded the Municipal Auditorium to view the body and join in the keening and the wild singing, and thousands more milled around outside. Roy Acuff and his Smoky Mountain Boys were there and Ernest Tubb and Carl Smith and two or three hundred other more or less famous pickers and singers. Hank Williams's first wife, his second wife, his mother, his cousins, his son Bocephus, and his stepdaughter Lycretia occupied the mourners' bench. The stage was banked with floral offerings in the shapes of guitars, wreaths, and memory pillows. The whole scene was illumined by the balefully silent explosions of flash bulbs. The photographers covered the whole thing from beginning to end, scuttling about below the stage and around the bier and the floral offerings, getting shots of the relatives in various grief-stricken poses, shots of the corpse, and shots of the preacher as he delivered the broadcast sermon. Some of these photographs were later offered for sale but were sternly suppressed by Williams's agents.

'I Saw the Light'

The competition to capitalize on the death of Hank Williams continued on through the exequies and long after he had been laid away for keeps. Williams had written a great number of songs—"Cold Cold Heart," "Jambalaya," "Your Cheatin' Heart," and "Kawliga" are a few of the titles—and most of them were hits. His gross income in 1951 was around $175,000 and in 1952 around $200,000. According to experts in the field of hillbilly music, he would have earned half a million dollars in 1953—that is, if he had been around to cash in on the publicity attending his death. Simply alive, he might have earned half that.

In any event the royalties-to-be from unpublished songs and unreleased records represented an unknown but undeniably vast and mouth-watering sum of money. As an acquaintance of Williams's put it recently, "It was like a five-million-dollar horse suddenly being turned loose. That horse has been rampaging up and down the country ever since, from Shreveport to Montgomery to Nashville, tearing up the earth and raring and screaming. And everybody trying to lay hands on it at once, clawing at each other and kicking and swearing. I tell you it's so disgusting I don't even want to talk about it, don't want to think about it." He, too, was a country singer and he spoke with deep feeling. Most of the other country singers—or hillbilly singers, to use the less elegant term—felt the same way.

These "disgusting" activities had begun immediately. In Canton, for example, where he had been scheduled to appear on the afternoon of the day that turned out to be day of his death, Williams's manager, a small, dark, adaptable man, leaped nimbly and expertly into the breach, ordered a spotlight thrown on the empty stage, and called for a record of "I Saw the Light," one of Williams's best-loved religious songs. The audience rose to its feet, weeping copiously, and joined in.

The move was hailed as "excellent showmanship" by the inner circle of hillbilly managers and agents who make their home in Nashville.

To the delight of a number of other interested parties, it was evident that Williams dead might be a much more valuable property than Williams alive. At any rate, more manageable. Alive he had been an irresponsible drunk, an incorrigible egomaniac, a man who could

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never be relied upon to keep his engagements and who, when he kept them, would more than likely have to be propped up in the wings until it was time for him to wobble out to the microphone, and who then, to the further agony and embarrassment of bookers, managers, and houseowners, might survey his audience contemptuously and tell them to go to hell, to go get their money back because he wasn't going to sing.

But now he was dead and safe, and the haymaking had begun. From Canton the spotlight quickly shifted to Montgomery, where after the funeral there was a free-for-all fight for Williams's briefcase, which contained one of two things—either two or three million dollars' worth of unpublished songs or his dirty laundry. It didn't really matter which. The possession of the briefcase was of extreme importance for its strategic and symbolic value, and whoever seized it and held it—either Williams's first wife or his second wife or his mother or his publisher, Acuff-Rose of Nashville—would stand in a strong position in the litigious huggermugger that was already beginning to shape up. Acuff-Rose came up with the briefcase and after a quick peek announced that Hank Williams had left a hundred songs to posterity. This was a surprising statement, since Williams could neither read nor write music; could, in fact, scarcely manage his own name, and was not in the habit of getting this far ahead of the game anyway. But it didn't matter—nothing mattered at this point. 1953 was destined anyway to be a great Williams year on the juke boxes. And even today, if Acuff-Rose of Nashville and M-G-M Records of New York could somehow contrive to get Williams's dirty laundry to spin at 45 RPM, they'd make a fortune on that too. Williams had ten million fans in this country and another five million abroad. They literally, quite literally, worshiped him.

Hank's Best Girl

His mother, Mrs. W. W. Stone, worshiped him no less. Having interred her son, she promptly sat down with a Montgomery newspaper columnist and dashed off a two-thousand-word pamphlet with pictures, "Our Hank Williams." The foreword gives the flavor of the thing: "Our Hank Williams is an account of the Drift-Cowboy's Life, as told by his mother, Mrs. W. W. Stone to Allen Rankin. One dollar is the price placed on this booklet and it must not sell for more. Violations will be prosecuted. For copy of this booklet mail $1 to Our Hank Williams, Montgomery, Alabama."

The story, as told to Mr. Rankin, revealed that Hank was born in 1923 in Mount Olive, Alabama, that at the age of five the family moved to Georgiana, nine miles away, where Hank sold peanuts, shined shoes, and learned to play the guitar from a Negro street singer named Teetot. At twelve, now living in Montgomery, he won an amateur-night prize at the Empire Theater with "The WPA Blues" and began playing the honkytonks. At thirteen he had his own string band, "The Drifting Cowboys," and a year later was playing over Montgomery's Station WSFA. At seventeen he married Audrey Shepherd, a cool-eyed blonde whom he had met while playing a medicine show at Banks, Alabama.

"I must admit I was a little jealous at times," Mrs. Stone told Mr. Rankin. "Not really. I'm joking. Hank's Mother was always his first girl, and he never forgot it. He was always as sweet and kind to me as anybody could be. He wrote many 'mother songs' to me—'Last Night I Heard You Crying In Your Sleep,' 'I've Just Told Mama Goodbye,' and many others . . ."

Hank and Audrey set up housekeeping with Mrs. Stone (then Mrs. Williams) and the going was rough. At nineteen, in despair, he gave up playing altogether and took a job in a Mobile shipyard. That was 1942. But his mother had faith in him. She rented a car and went to every schoolhouse and nightclub in the Montgomery area. She booked Hank solid for sixty days. Three weeks after her son's departure for Mobile she appeared in the shipyard with the datebook in her hand. "When Hank saw the datebook for those shows he gave me the sweetest smile I've ever seen and said, 'Thank God, Mother. You have made me the happiest boy in the world.'" And he threw away his riveting gun for good and picked up his guitar once more.

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THREE YEARS later, in 1946, he had made a few recordings for an obscure company called Sterling Records, and about this time he got the break he had been waiting for. According to the Stone-Rankin pamphlet, he was joking with his wife Audrey one day and she asked him what he'd do if he came home too late and she locked him out. He thought about this for a moment and said, "I'd go out and tell that little dog to move it on over in the doghouse." And then he thought about *this* for a moment and sat down and picked out a "rollicking" song called "Move It On Over."

He sent "Move It On Over" to Acuff-Rose, and the Rose half of the firm liked it and summoned the composer to Nashville. Fred Rose, an old-timer in show business and nobody's fool, said to Williams, "It's good but how do I know you wrote it? Here, I'll give you a test. Take this situation: There's a girl who marries a rich boy instead of the poor boy who lives in a cabin. Go in the room there and see if you can make a song out of that." Hank went into the room, thought about this situation for a while, and emerged thirty minutes later, singing "A Mansion on the Hill." This made two hits on his first day with the firm.

As Williams's publisher and the partner in one of the country's most prosperous music-publishing companies, Rose figures prominently in the Williams legend. His was the patient, unpublicized work of shaping the singer's lyrics, sharpening them, and giving them the particular timely point and barb they needed to get into the public mind and stay fastened there. Not a few people regard this as a work of genius in itself. "Kawliga," for example, a tremendous hit in 1952, began with Williams as the usual dull and customary recital of unrequited love—this time among the Cherokees in Alabama—and ended with Rose as a lively little ditty about unrequited love between a pair of wooden Indians.

THE REST, so to speak, is history. Williams was a great success on the "Louisiana Hayride" program over Shreveport's Station KWKH. From there he moved into Nashville on WSM's "Grand Ole Opry," which, in the country-music field, is about as big as the big time gets. He had ten million listeners to sing to every Saturday night, and during the past four years of his life there was hardly a week when he didn't have a song among the top ten in the nation.

But success destroyed him. On January 1, 1952, exactly a year before he died, he left his wife, his Cadillacs, and his fancy new Nashville home. In September he was booted out of the Grand Ole Opry and sent into that limbo from which, they say, country singers never return. Four months later he was dead.

One Widow Too Many

There was a great deal, of course, that Mrs. Stone did *not* tell Mr. Rankin—Hank's habit of packing a pistol in the back of his belt, for instance, and shooting up hotel rooms; Hank drunk and screaming, throwing wads of money on the floor and stamping on it in rage. And then she ignored Hank's second wife completely in her little biography. Shortly after leaving Nashville, Hank divorced Audrey and married a Miss Billie Jones of Houston, or perhaps Dallas, a cute little thing with two blue eyes, at least one of which was out for the future. Hank's mother did not like the second Mrs. Hank Williams, who did not care very much, in turn, for the first Mrs. Hank Williams, who did, however, in her turn harbor an affection for her former mother-in-law. The two young ladies hit the trail at about the same time after the funeral, each "singing the songs of the deceased" for all she was worth. Dressed in cowgirl outfits, each billed herself as Mrs. Hank Williams and sang two or three painfully memorized songs in Hank's old sobbing manner to Hank's old lachrymose fans. But this was one Mrs. Hank Williams too many, even for the notoriously insatiable hillbilly circuit. Miss Billie Jones of Houston, or perhaps Dallas, fired an injunction at the first Mrs. Hank Williams, who was forced to resume her tour as Mrs. Audrey Williams. She, however, placed a sizable ad in *Billboard*, the amusement magazine, explaining that Audrey Williams was the one, the only, the original, the bona fide Mrs. Hank Williams.

THE HAYMAKING, in the meantime, had continued industriously in other quarters of the field. "Lives" and "Deaths" of Hank Williams blossomed on jukeboxes everywhere. In New York, hard on the heels of the pallbearers who walked Hank Williams to his grave, M-G-M Records issued an LP memorial album containing eight of Hank's greatest hits.

On the back of the album there was a facsimile of a letter dated January 1, 1953, from Frank Walker, general manager of M-G-M Records. Addressed "Mr. Hank Williams, c/o Songwriter's Paradise," it read in part:

"DEAR HANK:

"You see it was my intention to write to you today as has been my custom for many years past . . . [but] an hour or so ago I received a 'phone call from Nashville. It was rather a sad call too Hank, for it told me that you had died early this morning. I don't know much about the circumstances and it really doesn't matter, does it? What does matter though is that the World is ever so much better for the fact that you have lived with us, even for such a short time. . . .

"Remember the time the newspaper man asked you how you wrote a song? I'll never forget your answer—'I just sit down for a few minutes, do a little thinking about things, and God writes them for me.' You were so right, Hank, and do you know I think HE wanted to have you just a bit closer to him, Nashville's pretty far away, so HE just sent word this morning Hank that HE wanted you with him. You're going to be kept busy too, there's lots of work to be done way up there for we aren't improving too much here on earth. You'll be writing for the greatest singers too, the Angels, they're so wonderful—I know they'll want you to join them. . . . I guess that's all I have to write about on this New Year's Day, Hank. Thanks so much for being with us, and until I see you again,

HAPPY NEW YEAR HANK,
Your Pal,
Frank"

(This is the first of two articles on country music.)

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Are There Millions In Your Attic?

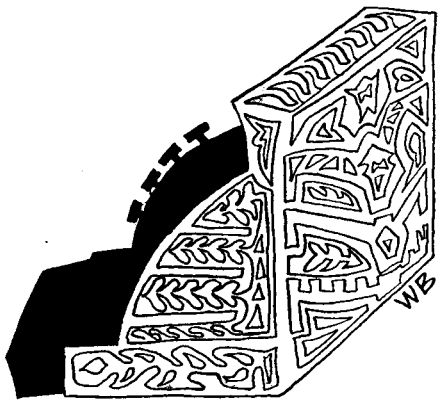
POYNTZ TYLER

NINETEEN THIRTY-FIVE was a memorable year for some American cities. Huey Long was shot in Baton Rouge, Sunday movies were legalized in Philadelphia, Detroit won the World Series, Omaha won the Kentucky Derby, and a housewife in Yonkers watched a total stranger deface her wallpaper *and didn't say a word.*

Lockjaw? Not at all. The lady's husband was a doctor who suffered from ornaphailia, a suburban ailment wherein the victim has spells of thinking he's an interior decorator. During an especially virulent attack in the spring of 1932 the doctor had paid an obsolete security dealer $30 for a bale of "worthless" stocks and bonds to paper his library walls. They clashed with the slip covers and gave the room a depressing air of corporate mortality, but the doctor was good to the children, so his wife let him have his way and kept the library door closed when they had company.

Came 1935, and the obsolete security dealer, tears streaming down his face, called to report that fourteen of the "worthless" bonds he had sold the doctor for *décor* were now worth a lot of money. The government, in nearly doubling the price of gold, had put an abandoned mine back on its feet and new owners were buying up its old bonds to protect their title. So the mining company's lawyer came to Yonkers, and with the wife speechless for the first time since she had her tonsils out, canceled the bonds right on the wall. Then he handed the doctor a check for fourteen thousand dollars.

THIS HAPPY saga is fairly typical of what can happen to obsolete securities, but it is hardly typical of what happens in the obsolete security business. An obsolete security dealer, of necessity, is a security expert, and as likely to mistake an obsolete bond for a worthless bond as a rare-book dealer is to mistake a Gutenberg Bible for a Gideon. And, except for an occasional rummage sale, he doesn't deal in worthless securities. His business is obsoletes, the *seemingly* worthless securities of extinct or vanished corporations, and to the conduct of his business he brings unlimited knowledge, unlimited patience, and a sixth sense—a sort of built-in fiscal stethoscope that can detect the slightest quiver of life in a corporate body. A stock ticker in his office would be of no more use than a juke box, for obsoletes aren't listed on any exchange. They can't be, because they're all



up in people's attics—*more than two billion dollars' worth of them.*

The reason people keep more than two billion dollars' worth of obsolete securities in the attic is that they don't know they're worth two billion dollars; and one of the main reasons they don't know is that corporations won't hold still long enough for them to find out. Corporations are fidgety. They are forever merging, consolidating, reorganizing, buying one another out, or changing their names just for the hell of it, and an investor with other things on his mind loses track. Then, when he looks for his corporation to ask it for money, it's gone. It has married some other corporation, and finding it is like finding an old sweetheart who has dyed her hair, installed falsies, and married a gentleman who travels in hardware under his mother's maiden name. When this happens the investor, or his heirs, should run, not walk, to the nearest obsolete security dealer.

Mercantile Leapfrog

Confronted with a mildewed bond of, say, the Potomac Crabmeat Company, the dealer will go to his laboriously assembled records—a stud book of Wall Street going back to the Civil War—and find that Potomac Crabmeat combined with Chesapeake Herring in 1912 to form Maryland Fish Products, Incorporated. Maryland Fish merged with Delaware Bay Packing in 1921 to form Delmar Seafoods, and Delmar Seafoods was bought by Universal Foods in 1951 to plug a gaping hole in its protein division. Somewhere along this tenuous trail—and this is a relatively chaste example of corporate breeding habits—the bond in question was called in for payment, but the obsolete dealer can still collect. Universal Foods will redeem it at face value plus uncollected interest to the date of call.

Most such commercial marriages are eminently logical; oil companies marry with oil companies and banks mate with banks. But others will be dictated by politics, love, caprice, conversion, or even cocktails, and the result is corporate chaos and a tough collection. One dealer still shudders at the memory of a firm that started off baking pretzels in Milwaukee and wound up, after years of aimless wandering, as the clerical-vestment department of a religious sect on the West Coast. His shudders are in close harmony with those of a colleague who let a client's beauty sway his judgment and agreed to trace ten shares of bank stock she'd inherited from an uncle. He learned that the bank, a small private institution in the South, had been too lavish with loans to a granite quarry specializing in gravestones and had been forced to take over when the First World War sent cotton so high that no Southerner would be caught dead under anything but marble. The owner of the bank switched production from gravestones to traprock and made so

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much money selling it for railroad ballast that he told his depositors to borrow from each other and liquidated the bank. The bank charter permitted him to engage in almost any business imaginable except, for some mysterious reason, intercoastal canals, so he used it to engage in a game of mercantile leapfrog that took him all over the late Confederacy. Whenever one business opened fresh vistas he would slough off a predecessor and use its capital to plunge into something new.

His traprock firm, for example, required trucks and trucks require care, so he opened a maintenance garage that did a profitable business on the side sharpening reaper blades and lawn mowers. One brand of mower refused to take an edge, so he bought the company to improve the product. When production outgrew the grass he went into grass seed, and grass seed led naturally to a nursery. The nursery led to landscape gardening, landscape gardening to real-estate developments, and real estate to building houses. When the obsolete security dealer caught up with him he was on the verge of completing the cycle by starting a bank to specialize in home loans and mortgages. He was delighted to hear from the dealer's client. Except for his son's, hers were the only shares outstanding and they had been carried, dripping with dividends, under a John Doe name for over thirty years. For the last twenty-five, in nice compliance with a law requiring at least three shareholding directors, John Doe had been sitting on the board.

FINDING such mislaid corporations is easy compared to finding the mislaid assets of a defunct corporation. Mislaid assets, to an obsolete dealer, are any assets whatsoever, and there are scores of financial nooks and crannies where they might lurk. Suing the directors for non-, mis-, or malfeasance is one possibility, but this is invariably messy and seldom fruitful. What the dealer prefers is to uncover some presumably worthless holding that has become valuable because of technological advance, an act of God, or merely the passage of time. Nothing pleases him more than to have an abandoned oil field start gushing after deeper drilling by modern drills, a defaulting government turn honest, or an exhausted lead mine produce uranium. Sometimes expropriated properties abroad are suddenly paid for (usually heralding a pitch for fresh capital), and occasionally a half-forgotten patent will become invaluable as the key gadget in a new, and frequently lethal, device.

'No Telephone' Smythe

No possibility, however remote, is overlooked. Most of them were originally explored by Roland M. ("No Telephone") Smythe, the father of the obsolete security business. Smythe, according to Smythe, was inveigled into the profession by

carpetbaggers. They did it by getting control of the South Carolina legislature after the Civil War and issuing a rash of unwarranted bonds that the state repudiated ten minutes after throwing the rascals out. He was employed by a stock-exchange house in New York at the time and had been given fifteen of these repudiated South Carolinas to palm off on J. B. Manning, a brilliant speculator but a devout Southerner. Manning offered two dollars each for the lot, intending to burn them in some Confederate rite, and Smythe was sauntering back to his office to report this foolish chauvinism when he bumped into a curb broker he knew. The broker, after glancing at the numbers of the bonds, offered to match Manning's bid for one of them, plus half of whatever he might realize on it. Smythe promptly sold it to him on his own account, and a month later was handed four hundred dollars as his share of the proceeds. Pleased but suspicious, he checked with the treasurer of South Carolina and was told that some of the more reputable carpetbag bonds had been declared legitimate and were being redeemed at their face value of twelve hundred dollars. When Smythe chided the broker on his atrocious arithmetic he was informed that the missing two hundred was for the lesson in obsoletes and cheap at the price. Smythe agreed and a year later, in 1880, formed R. M. Smythe & Co., the first firm in the United States to specialize in obsolete securities.

SMYTHE got his nickname when he had his telephone taken out because, he said, its ringing startled the mice. The Produce Exchange building where he had his office swarmed with them, so Smythe would ransack the city for delicacies that could tempt them away from the produce samples and then sit by the hour watching his trap lines. On these occasions nothing, not even a forged bond, would raise his hackles so high as to see a mouse lick his chops in anticipation of some rare old Stilton and then be saved by the bell. He endured it for a year, quelling his sporting instincts for the sake of his business, but when the clamor bilked him of four splendid specimens in a single day he made the only possible decision. From then on he was "No Telephone" Smythe to everyone in Wall Street and he is remembered there to this day as a veritable Frank Buck among mousers.

He is also remembered as the only man who ever cornered a commodity and maintained the corner for a lifetime. The commodity was knowledge —knowledge of inactive securities— and Smythe cornered it with a cross-indexed file of American business that he began compiling the day he opened his office. Every firm in the country was given a card, and every card bore relevant facts concerning the company's history, organization, capitalization, and management. This information Smythe got from the back issues of financial papers, and he kept it up to the minute by combing their current issues. He noted every merger, consolidation, bond issue, and sale of stock. Each new firm got a card, for to Smythe incorporation papers were merely the first step on the road to

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liquidation, and every failure got an obituary notice giving the cause of death and disposition of assets.

This file was invaluable to Smythe and, grown to over two million entries, it is still invaluable to his successors, R. M. Smythe & Co., Inc.

With it, no matter how tortuous the corporate path, he could trace almost every security ever issued and retrieve something for his clients. With stocks he would have to take what he could get, but with bonds (bondholders are creditors of a company with a lien on its property—stockholders *are* the company) he would bring a foreclosure action and collect the decree value. Foreclosing by the bondholders is the business equivalent of what the squire would have done to the widow's home if her long-lost son Marmaduke hadn't stalked in at the end of the second act to pay the mortgage; decree value is what the court apportions to each bond from the proceeds of the foreclosure and turns over to a trustee for distribution. Hundreds of millions in such decree value—the very thought makes obsolete dealers weep into their port—have never been distributed because the trustees can't find the bondholders or vice versa.

Smythe was a master of the foreclosure and an ingenious salesman of any non-liquid assets. He once sold a town in Kansas for six hundred dollars, complete with inhabitants, but overpriced another in Oklahoma at fourteen hundred and was still stuck with it, despite a stone jail and "serviceable" church, at his death in 1930. Smythe could visualize a use for anything, and some historians, because of his frequent foreclosures on railroad equipment, have accused him of fathering the modern diner, or lunch wagon. If it's true, the paternity was inadvertent, but he did put the arm on a lot of rolling stock in his time. He wasn't alone, for during the half century after the Civil War foreclosing on railroads was almost as big an industry as building them. Many were laid down for no apparent reason save local pride and issued bonds of such dubious worth to meet their construction bills that Charles M. Schwab would accept them in payment for rails only on what he termed a "fifty-fifty" basis—a ton of rails for a ton of bonds. Today their very names are forgotten but their securities are highly regarded by obsolete dealers. Many of the bonds are valid claims against the lines that eventually absorbed them, and even the stock certificates, beautifully engraved with pictures of bygone locomotives, bring fancy prices from collectors.

Money to Give Away

The trend from mortgage bonds to debenture bonds, which are little more than promissory notes, has made the foreclosure almost a lost art, but modern dealers have pleasures that Smythe never dreamed of. One of them is giving away money. This unique undertaking stems from the fact that companies frequently

want to retire their bonds and can't find their bondholders. They can't find them because most bonds are unregistered "bearer" bonds (the owner's name on a security reduces its resale value just as initials on his watch reduce its hocking value) and they are as negotiable and nomadic as dollar bills. By the time the company starts looking for the bond to redeem it, the current owner might be in Buffalo, Southern Rhodesia, or the next room.

He might even be in jail. The Cities Service Company, blushing furiously, found one of its elusive investors when the newspapers headlined him as the ringleader in an unsuccessful Colorado prison break. This, of course, was sheer luck, for it usually requires a long professional search, and most companies turn to an obsolete security dealer.

Each obsolete security dealer has his own methods of following the spoor, secret as the formula for Angostura Bitters, and their success has engendered so much good will for their employers that some of the larger corporations have trained their own stable of Samaritans. Others retain the Tracers Company of America, a delightful firm dedicated to tracking people down and handing them money, but whatever course is adopted they sometimes get nothing but a kick in the teeth for their pains. One large company had a stockholder, hardly typical, who would never stay in the same Bowery flophouse long enough to get his dividends. Concerned for his welfare and tired of getting its checks back, the firm put an operative on his tail who finally ran him to earth in the alcoholic ward at Bellevue Hospital.

When the shamus announced that he wanted to see the bum and ply him with dividend checks, the attendant called for the boys with the butterfly nets and had him tossed in the psychopathic ward—a bit above alcoholic socially but not much. He got out, but after his next assignment toyed with the idea of going back.

In this case he traced a long-lost stockholder whom we shall call Mamie Schultz from a hovel on New York's lower East Side through assorted marriages and addresses to a luxurious penthouse on Park Avenue. She received him like the lady she was, thanked him for his trouble, admitted that the stock was hers—and positively refused to accept any dividends. She didn't want the people in the stock-transfer department to find out that a lady whom we shall call Mrs. Cuthbert Van Alstyne Stotesburg-Clarke III had ever been Mamie Schultz of the lower East Side.

THE BESTOWING of benisons on errant investors is gratifying to a dealer, and profitable, but his happiest moments are always those he spends raking the ashes in the corporate graveyard. "You need a touch of necrophilia to enjoy this business," says Mr. Benjamin Lichtenstein, president of B. S. Lichtenstein & Co., "and the soul of a coroner. We are the ghouls of Wall Street." Mr. Lichtenstein, who has exhumed many a defunct company for just one more autopsy, lately traced the relics of a small firm through several deceased trustees and found that even the decree value of its bonds was founded upon death. The directors had insured the president's life in the company's favor and his death gave the bondholders their only return.

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Sometimes the bondholder is dead and the security buried. No matter. Recently R. M. Smythe & Co. got stock in the Radio Corporation of America for a client to replace some in the Marconi Wireless Company (an ancestor of RCA) that had been swallowed up, together with the client's grandfather, in the San Francisco earthquake. It has rendered similar service on certificates washed away in the Johnstown flood, mislaid by a blind musician, burned in the London blitz, and eaten by a renegade Scottie. Several years ago, after tracing a vanished mining company through an involved history of merger and reorganization, it recovered $3,500 on some inherited bonds that the owner, acting upon the advice of her regular broker, had burned to cinders.

Dealers deplore such foolishness, for it necessitates posting a bond against rival claims, but they are even more depressed by the public's apathy toward the vast wealth represented by obsoletes. A posted description of any security (number, type, date, and issuer—never mind the engraving) is usually enough for an accurate appraisal at a small fee, but most people seem indifferent to any windfall that doesn't require them to complete a jingle or send box tops. "Do you realize," Mr. Lichtenstein asks sadly, "that there are more United States government bonds lying around uncashed than there are Confederate?" These matured governments (almost half a billion dollars' worth, plus about $100 million in uncashed government checks) are actually of no more interest to an obsolete dealer than the Confederate, although for opposite reasons. No one can collect on a Confederate, but anyone can collect on a government. Both extremes obviate the need of an expert.

What the experts like is a nice plausible issue that promises an interesting chase and a possible recovery. General Motors is highly regarded farther up Wall Street, but an obsolete dealer prefers something like North Dakota Cotton Plantations. It's too flagrant to be fraudulent and, what with wheat over two dollars and impervious to the boll weevil, who knows what those old cotton fields might be worth?

The Morbid Magic Of Tennessee Williams

MARYA MANNES

It is one mark of the artist that he knows what he is doing. In Tennessee Williams's stage directions for the second act of *Cat on a Hot Tin Roof*, now playing to capacity audiences on Broadway, he writes: "I'm trying to catch the true quality of experience in a group of people, that cloudy, flickering, evanescent, fiercely charged!—interplay of live human beings in the thundercloud of a common crisis."

Not only in *Cat* but in the five other Williams plays I have seen and read, this aim has been realized. He *has* caught the true quality of experience, it *is* cloudy and fiercely charged, and the human beings *are* live and in crisis. I would except only one word, and that is "common." The crises of Williams are

never common. They are the creation of a very strange and very special imagination, potent enough and poetic enough to impose itself on an audience and hold it in a common trance. He is a theater magician, invoking the lightning of emotion, releasing the doves of instinct, holding in fanlike suspension a brilliant pack of cards peopled with symbols and specters. This is as true of his latest play, *Cat*, as it was of *A Streetcar Named Desire, The Glass Menagerie, Summer and Smoke*. They fascinate. And it is the quality of this fascination, with its strange sequel of doubt, that I would like to explore and examine here.

Williams is as aware of this doubt as he is of everything he does. In his foreword to *The Rose Tattoo* he says: "So successfully have we disguised from ourselves the intensity of our own feelings, the sensibility of our own hearts, that plays in the tragic tradition have begun to seem untrue. *For a couple of hours we may surrender ourselves* to a world of fiercely illuminated values in conflict, but when the stage is covered and the auditorium lighted, *almost immediately there is a recoil of disbelief*" (italics mine).

He is entirely right about his own plays "in the tragic tradition," and he was wise not to call them tragedies. For I do not think real tragedy, springing as it must from common truth, leaves this aftermath. It leaves instead illumination and catharsis. And I doubt whether the emotional exhaustion that is the residual effect of seeing a play by Tennessee Williams—the feeling of having been stretched on a rack for two hours—is either illumination or catharsis. It is a shock treatment, administered by an artist of great talent and painful sensibility who illumines fragments but never the whole. He illuminates, if you will, that present sickness, which *is* fragmentation.

Unhappiness Is Not Tragedy

Take *Cat on a Hot Tin Roof*, now one of Broadway's critical and popular successes and the winner of the N. Y. Drama Critics' Award for the best play of the season. As brilliantly produced and acted as it is written, the play is about a crisis in a Delta plantation family brought on in equal parts by the refusal of the son, Brick, to sleep with his wife, Maggie, and by the imminent death from cancer of the father and patriarch, Big Daddy. Now cancer can be a tragedy and the rejection of love can be a tragedy, but the play is not tragic. It is a special and compelling study of violence: the violence of an obscene, gargantuan, perceptive man, Big Daddy, against his body's end, against his own frustrations,

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against the trap of his family; the violence of the alcholic Brick against the woman and wife who "destroyed" his pure and noble relationship with another youth by suspecting its nature; the violence of the rejected Maggie in her attempt to recapture her husband's physical attentions. I say "attentions" because the only love in the play—and therefore the only tragedy—is that between Big Daddy and Brick, and the play's highest moment is the scene in the second act where the two men break through the agonizing block of communication and tell each other the truth. And the only reason that even this climax does not make the play important is that Brick's conflict has a very limited reference.

So for two hours the stage is full of screaming, violent, mendacious, bitter people, without nobility or purpose, thrashing in the net of their own errors and deceptions. And it is hard to believe that even Maggie's final lie—motivated as it is by passion and compassion—will ever bring her more than physical release. Unhappy people are not necessarily tragic. For two hours Williams's magic holds you transfixed. But after it is over even he has not been able to make you share his belief in the tragedy of Brick and Big Daddy, the only two of his characters for whom he has no scorn, with whom, indeed, he is most strongly identified. On the title page of the *Cat* script he quotes Dylan Thomas:

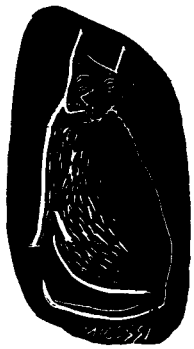
And you, my father, there on the sad height,
Curse, bless me now with your fierce tears, I pray.
Do not go gentle into that good night!
Rage, rage against the dying of the light!"

In these four lines is the tragedy two hours fail to yield.

A World of Psychotics

Tennessee Williams comes nearest to the true quality of tragedy in *The Glass Managerie* and *Summer and Smoke*. The conflict in each play is between flesh and spirit, between sensibility and sensuality, between illusion and reality. Alma in *Summer* and Laura in *Menagerie* are sisters. Gentle, remote, innocent and defenseless, their loneliness cries out for love and is denied. The men recognize in them the rare beauty of the ideal, yet turn in the end to the comfort of simpler women. Both plays are deeply poetic and very moving; each wavers on the line between pathos and tragedy. If they fail to cross it, it is again because of the very specialness of the author's vision, that quality of private obsession which in turn gives his writing its particular evocative power.

Streetcar, like *Cat*, is another exercise in violence—more successful than *Cat*, I believe, because the disintegration of Blanche is a far more valid object of compassion than the malignant disintegrations of the Delta family. Blanche is a heartbreaking



character, and her progressive insanity is only an extension of that gap in all of us between what we think we are and what we are. To be able to create both Blanches at one time is Williams's triumph; the agony of watching both is the rack upon which an audience is stretched.

Nowhere, in fact, have I seen a closer parallel to this poetic insight of Tennessee Williams than the clinical insight into the mentally ill given in a recent television documentary of "The Search" series. With the patients' full consent, the Tulane University Psychiatric Institute permitted one to see several patients undergoing treatment, from electric shock to analysis. A pretty young Southern woman spoke in the toneless, ragged whine of extreme depression, then with rising violence, and later—after shock—in her warm regional voice. Her lines might have been written by Williams: She was not far from Maggie the *Cat*. And a schizophrenic being questioned was like Brick in his dreadful, wary responselessness.

This is precisely what I mean about the "special," extreme nature of Williams's characters and Williams's conflicts. His people are mostly sick people. If they are not actually insane, like Alma's mother in *Summer and Smoke* and like Blanche in *Streetcar*, then they are wholly divorced from reality, like Amanda the mother in *The Glass Menagerie*, like Big Mamma and Brick in *Cat*, like nearly everyone in *Camino Real*.

If they are not divorced from reality, they are as savage and uncontrolled as Stanley in *Streetcar* and as Big Daddy in *Cat*; as mindless and grotesque as Serafina in *Tattoo* or the shiftless wife in "27 Wagons Full of Cotton," a one-acter now on Broadway in *All in One*. Offhand I can think of only three comparatively whole or rational beings in Williams's plays: the Gentleman Caller in *Menagerie*, John in *Summer*, and Blanche's sister Stella in *Streetcar*.

To read the plays is to discover also that Williams is as much a painter as a poet, not merely because his stage directions are visually very explicit—colors, shapes, and movements clearly defined—but because there is a strong affinity between his writing and a certain kind of painting. Although he mentions Chirico several times in suggesting stage effects, I think both Dali and Eugene Berman convey more the special quality I mean. In Dali, the shock effect of surrealism is the expression of violent aberration in terms of exquisite workmanship. He isolates sickness in a vacuum of false realty, giving fragmented dreams the illusion of wholeness. Because of his compassion and fire, because of his vastly superior perceptiveness, Williams is an artist as well as a magician, while Dali is only an practitioner of magic in painting. Yet an affinity remains, though Berman, with his hot Mediterranean reds and blues, his rich theatrical vision, and his pervading texture of ruin and loss, comes closer to Williams's sensuality of despair.

Burning Bright

I have left *Camino Real* to the last, not because it was the least success-

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ful of all Williams's plays, critically and financially, or is the least rewarding to read, but because it is the most difficult one to describe or convey. It must be seen and heard, and its effect is entirely one of subjective response. You are either transfixed or bored by it, according to the degree of feeling or understanding you bring to it. "My desire," says Williams in his foreword to *Camino Real,* "was to give these audiences my own sense of something wild and unrestricted that ran like water in the mountains, or clouds changing shape in a gale, or the continually dissolving and transforming images of a dream."

Here is fragmentation with a will: a nightmare shot through fitfully with poetic and passionate flashes of truth; the kind of dream confused yet on the edge of revelation, full of fears and smothering catastrophe, that wakes you screaming. Full also of a kind of baroque humor and horseplay which is another facet of Williams's genius.

Again the surrealist image comes to mind, this time a series of doors opening on a vista of infinity. They never open wide enough to show what is beyond, but at least they open.

In his afterword to *Camino Real,* the playwright affirms once more what he believes and does: "But the incontinent blaze of a live theatre, a theatre meant for seeing and for feeling, has never been and never will be extinguished by a bucket brigade of critics . . ."

He is right again. Williams creates the incontinent blaze of a live theater, and for this one must be profoundly grateful. He is one of the very few who do. And certainly no brigade of critics will extinguish the blaze.

But incontinent fires, bright and hot as they are, do not burn as long as contained ones. A theater is meant for seeing and feeling, but it is meant for knowing and learning too. Once Tennessee Williams controls his flame and deepens and broadens his vision, the spell he now casts over his audiences while they are in the theater will linger long after in their minds and hearts. And there will be then no "recoil of disbelief."

The Permanence Of Walt Whitman

SIDNEY ALEXANDER

THE SOLITARY SINGER: A CRITICAL BIOGRAPHY OF WALT WHITMAN, by Gay Wilson Allen. *Macmillan. $8.*
LEAVES OF GRASS. *Doubleday. $3.95.*
LEAVES OF GRASS. *Mentor Books. New American Library. 50¢.*
THE PORTABLE WALT WHITMAN. *Viking. $1.25.*
THE WHITMAN READER. A Cardinal Giant. *Pocket Books. 50¢.*

Professor Allen's biography of Walt Whitman—twenty-five years in the making—is a superb example of scholarship, untouched by poetry, setting to work on the organic body of poetry itself. If the image sounds parasitic, let me hasten to add that I have the highest respect for Professor Allen's book: Detailed as one of Whitman's own catalogues, cautious, judicious, it is undoubtedly a mine of information.

Profiting from the famous Furness papers, pursuing with admirable scholarship leads thrown up by previous studies, Allen has tracked down every new scrap of material and given us just about all we need ever know about Whitman the man. Writing without grace, almost without any style at all, but with a religious veneration for facts, peculiarly American, Allen heaps stone on documented stone, carefully cementing them with observations drawn strictly from the material at hand. It is something of a Dreiserian method, and it works—the image does emerge, solid, real, and thoroughly convincing. You are certain this is how Whitman must have appeared to his contemporaries—the Brooklyn boy bathing at Coney Island, the young newspaper editor involved in Locofoco politics up to the neck, the man about town, the printer, the carpenter, the self-publicizing press agent, the hospital nurse, and ultimately the Good Gray Poet, paralytic in Camden, garrulous to the end while Horace Traubel—Boswell to this bearded prophet—jots down the old man's talk in six fat volumes. It's all there, complete with genealogical data and fifty pages of notes and property transfers of the Whitman family.

But what about the poet? How did that cosmic butterfly emerge from the chrysalis of a New York journalist in no way set above his fellow newshawks? On this crucial problem, Allen's major contribution is external rather than internal.

The seeds of many of the *Leaves*

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of Grass are traced back to their sources in mid-century America: the astronomical imagery to the books written on astronomy and the possibilities of Whitman's having read them, the Egyptology in the poems to the Egyptian Museum on Broadway and the evidence of Whitman's visits there. Similarly, the rolling dithyrambs are traced to the Bible, the ideas to Emersonian transcendentalism, and so on.

All this is very useful. We know now, thanks to Professor Allen, better than we ever knew before, what went into the compost. But yet there is the flower. And that mysterious realm of transformation, that blossoming where quotidian fact becomes universal language, is precisely where scholars fear to tread. Here is where a D. H. Lawrence will rush in and flash more insights in seventeen pages than does the Professor in five hundred and forty-four. But Lawrence will also say silly things and Allen is never silly. We need both types: someone to heap up the coal and someone to light the fire.

The Pathetically Hopeful

Now, one hundred years after the publication—or rather, the printing—of *Leaves of Grass,* we cannot shake off this man. He is clinging—and sometimes cloying. He shaped some of the most beautiful lines in our literature and yet American poets largely reject him. He thought to write a bible of democracy, but no man is a prophet in his own country. He dreamed of being the first bard in a pageant of the Common Man, and the common man reads Mickey Spillane. As we attend to the dials of our electronic brain, Whitman's notions of a society of loving comrades seem quaintly admirable, rather like Currier and Ives.

Why is it that Thoreau is so much easier for us to take? Both men grappled with the key problem of democracy—to assert the Individual in the mass. But the tough-minded Thoreau went about it by exclusion; the tender-minded Whitman went about it by inclusion. Thoreau was always defining himself by setting himself off from the pack. His whole effort was to draw the line where he ended and the next man began. While Whitman was crying: "I am

Everybody! Everybody is me!" Whitman was always spilling beyond all definitions, always merging. The *Leaves* are filled with this kind of imagery: the poet bequeathing himself, effusing his flesh in lacy jags; he is always pouring, bestowing, sousing with spray, melting. He is, as D. H. Lawrence disgustedly cries: "One Identity . . . All his privacy leaking out in a sort of dribble, oozing into the universe." If he can but be "surrounded by beautiful, curious, breathing, laughing flesh," he asks for no more delight; "I swim in it as in a sea." Compare this with the Concord sage who thought it would be better if there were one inhabitant to a square mile: "The value of a man is not in his skin, that we should touch him." Or, compare again Whitman's pathetically hopeful "To have great poets there must be great audiences too" with Thoreau's "The works of the great poets have never yet been read by mankind, for only great poets can read them."

THE AMERICAN psyche, it seems to me, is woven of these two extremes—the tartly asserted individual and the myth of the Common Man. We're always shuttling between saving the world for democracy and scowling behind our ocean fronts, those overgrown Walden Ponds. The alternation of our international moods from generosity to calculation—from Marshall Plans to tariff walls—is merely the American spirit in flight: that nervous bird with Thoreauean-Whitmanian wings migrating from one extreme to another: I love, I am; I unite, I build fences. . .

Of Me I Sing

In our jittery age we shy away from figures like Whitman. We just can't grasp that amoebic all-inclusiveness of his. His impulse to be a universe swallower strikes us as a circus trick; we marvel but we have no desire to do it ourselves. We want sharp boundaries, not inner suspensions; answers, not the coexistence of contradictions. But Walt Whitman, that "kosmos," reveled in contradictions. After all, did he not contain multitudes?

And so he is public and private, confessional to an embarrassing degree and furtive as a fox, courageous and not quite honest, frank and a poseur. Is it so surprising, therefore, that his sexual nature should also have been—as Professor Allen clearly indicates—lacking in definitions, ambiguous, probably self-oriented?

Thus we keep trying to solve the irregular triangle of his nature—journalist, poet, prophet. The journalist sipped beer at Pfaff's Cellar, mingled with Broadway throngs, rode ferries, fraternized with omnibus drivers and firemen, drooled at Italian operas, ran to fires, sailed down the Mississippi, edited the Brooklyn *Eagle* and the Brooklyn *Times,* wrote editorials about waterworks and Democratic politics and preacher Beecher. All this while the prophet was lurking behind the placid gray eyes, observing with something of Dutch burgher caution.

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One was public and the other was private—until the ego felt that the thing that had to be said was about to burst. "I was simmering, simmering, simmering; Emerson brought me to a boil."

Of course, in this pantheistic identification, how could he keep the categories of his being clearly defined? And so he has become too much of a muchness for our modern taste, more of a blob than a man. The scientific temper reads him with confusion, for sometimes he is the Prophet Isaiah and then suddenly Isaiah undertakes to give you an inventory of Babylonian crafts. He cries Hurrah for Positive Science! but that is only because Positive Science is part of the All, and Whitman rejects nothing. This worship, from the sweet fat that stuck to his own bones to the farthest nebular reaches of the universe, lends the poet that astonishing breadth in the great poems. One feels that one has been gulping cosmic draughts; the soul is shaken; the entire world suddenly falls into shape, into oneness. One has had a religious experience, and Whitman is by all odds one of the most religious men in American literature.

But now, closing the triangle, confusion is compounded. (Is he not after all the Poet of Confusions?) What is the relationship between poet and prophet? Can we separate them? Accept one and reject the other? Today there is a tendency to ignore the poet because the prophet is too sticky for our taste. But Whitman's legacy is as a poet, as the author of two or three hundred of the greatest lines in world literature. Whitman—like Blake and perhaps like Jeremiah or Isaiah—would not have understood the sophisticated distinction between his craft as a sayer and his role as a seer. Yet he took his artistic vocation very seriously. One has merely to examine the successive redrafts of the manuscripts to realize that these dithyrambic chants were not tossed off. A man who changes "Out of the rocked cradle" to "Out of the cradle endlessly rocking" is not a careless poet. All his life he wrote one book, polishing it and repolishing it to what he felt was its ultimate perfection. Nevertheless, he conceived of his poetry as missionary, not didactic in the message-giving sense, but life-enhancing in Bernard Berenson's phrase. He was as sure as any Biblical prophet that what he was scribbling on those little sheets of paper he carried around in his pocket was important to his countrymen.

In his later years Whitman realized that many of his seeds had been flung on stony ground. His ideal republic was given up to grab; he feared the labor chasm opening wider, as he told Traubel. And yet he never gave up hope in democracy; his faith in the common man remained stubborn to the end. There is a sorrowful air in his realization that he had failed to speak to his time, but the mood swiftly changes, the old man smiles, he will talk to Recorders Ages Hence. He dies sweetly, holding Traubel's hand, serene to the last.

A strange man. But what a great man! Forget the crankiness, the pose, the barbaric yawp. Forget that he gabbed too much about his procreant undifferentiated urge. There is a body of work distilled here that will last as long as American literature is read. He is our greatest and our best, and Dr. Allen deserves our gratitude for having given us as much of the man as we shall ever probably get outside of the poems. Best of all, he sends us back to the poems themselves. And more than ever we should reread these chants. More than ever we need the sound of Whitman's voice. A great voice —a wind in the upper branches — not the whine of our poetlings and the ululation of our despair. Lesser writers snap and rot. But he continues to grow—a great live oak, ever uttering for us joyous leaves.

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As Others See Us—
From Bryce to Brogan

WILLIAM H. HESSLER

POLITICS IN AMERICA, by D. W. Brogan. *Harper. $5.*

IT IS NOT unnatural that the best and most comprehensive works about the American political system have come from foreigners—Bryce, de Tocqueville, Laski. The intelligent European visitor, whether he stays six months or six years, has a detachment and freshness of approach not given to the native political scientist. And his close knowledge of one or another European political system becomes a valuable aid to critical insight.

Mr. Brogan falls heir to the same advantages. He is fascinated by the American political scene. He collects gems from the argot of our grassroots politics with gusto; and he employs them, sometimes a bit awkwardly, with unfeigned relish. He has the first prerequisite—the ability to write with clarity. He has another—a good working knowledge of the British constitutional and party systems. To these he has added the essential ingredient of long and close personal observation of our politics and manners.

I suspect that Laski knew far more than Mr. Brogan does about politics in general and the American political system in particular. Laski matched Brogan in wit and surpassed him in his encyclopedic grasp of political affairs. But Mr. Brogan has been the wiser. He has not tried to write an encyclopedia of the American society. And he has leavened his treatise chiefly by quoting the judgments of others rather than venting his own opinions.

Having already written of some other facets of the United States (in *The American Character*, for instance), Mr. Brogan was content to stake out a modest bailiwick and stay inside its boundaries. He ignores state and local government. He ignores the whole sprawling administrative structure of the Federal government, and touches only lightly on the judiciary. He concerns himself not at all with the subject matter of American foreign and domestic policy. And he rules out education, religion, the press, economic enterprise, manners, and culture, except those bits that bear directly on politics.

WHAT IS left is the solid core of the American political process. Politics, as Mr. Brogan has chosen to delimit its scope, is the business of maintaining political parties and nominating and electing men to office, plus the endlessly fascinating rivalry between President and Congress—the kinetic element of our Constitutional system.

That is a valid perimeter for a study of politics. It is also a useful one, because it holds the volume to the most colorful and inherently interesting segments of the American political scene.

Mr. Brogan betrays a trace of the foreigner's usual morbid preoccupation with the crudities of urban machine politics. They are indeed part of the picture, but surely not so great a part as his emphasis would imply. There is a whole lot of America outside New York, Jersey City, Boston, Philadelphia, Chicago, and Kansas City. Even this lapse into muckraking, however, is marked by tolerance and good humor, not indignation.

Politics in America is at its very best in the chapters on the national convention, the campaign, and the relation of President and Congress. Here Mr. Brogan discourses freely and quotes lavishly, in a successful effort to convey to British readers the savor and the tempo of our politics, along with its mechanics. He is notably skillful in contrasting British practice with American—never with condescension and always in a fashion that illumines the distinctive characteristics of the American system. For example, he analyzes at length the Presidential press conference, comparing it with "question time" in the House of Commons.

Foreign commentators on our political system are usually startled and baffled to find the Senate, the "second chamber," to be the more potent branch of the legislature. They naturally equate it with the House of Lords or the French Senate. Mr. Brogan perceptively traces the decline of the House and the rise of the Senate.

LIKE his predecessors Mr. Brogan has a good many adverse comments to make. But he writes out of a genuine affection for the American people and an undisguised admiration for the political system they have developed. Those native political theorists who would gladly swap what we have for a responsible Cabinet system will find no comfort in this book.

But ours is a political system of inchoate, disunited political parties with meager discipline, and Mr. Brogan gives telling examples of the faults of our system. We have seen a steady decline in the power of a popular President to carry his whole ticket to victory with him. Our British critic, fortified by his detachment, perceives some of the forces at work behind this change.

He also helps to define the paradoxical nature of the Presidential office—one that is highly political and yet somehow above party. Perhaps it takes the perspective that comes of living in a successful monarchy to sense with full clarity the dual nature of the Presidency, for it combines the role of monarch, the symbolic head of state, with that of Prime Minister, the working head of the government. At any rate, Mr. Brogan sharpens our apprehension of the complex nature of our highest office.

THERE IS always room on the shelf for another appraisal of our system written by a foreigner who comes to us in friendship, stays to understand, and goes back home to write with honesty. All this D. W. Brogan has done—on a smaller canvas than some before him, but with no less perceptiveness and with much more humor, certainly, than any of them.

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BOOK NOTES

THE TYRANNY OF PROGRESS: REFLECTIONS ON THE ORIGINS OF SOCIOLOGY, by Albert Salomon. *Noonday Press. $3.*

DURING the war it was the task—happily accepted — of every schoolboy to trace the origins of Hitlerism to a series of German philosophers the schoolboy had never read. The time has come when it is possible to be more serious about the history of thought and distribute equitably the blame for the totalitarian concept of society. It came not from Germany alone, and Lenin did not bring it into Russia in his sealed car as if he were carrying a germ in a test tube; it sprang direct from our western civilization, the flower of the rich soil of eighteenth- and nineteenth-century Europe. Professor Salomon has written a lucid analysis of the tyranny of progress.

●

THE DREAM OF SUCCESS, by Kenneth S. Lynn. *Atlantic-Little, Brown. $4.*

THEODORE DREISER, Jack London, David Graham Phillips, Frank Norris, Robert Herrick—Mr. Lynn demonstrates persuasively and elegantly that all five were products of the success-motivated environment of their time regardless of their individual protestations of socialism, muckraking, or reformism. These bright literary stars of the century's first years were unhappy in their environment, but most could not envision any better improvement than a return to the even freer enterprise of the 1870's.

●

LAURETTE: THE INTIMATE BIOGRAPHY OF LAURETTE TAYLOR, by her daughter, Marguerite Courtney, with an Introduction by Samuel Hopkins Adams. *Rinehart. $5.*

IN 1912 the fragile, contrived, and sentimental play *Peg O' My Heart* gave Laurette Taylor a fame that lasted all her life. In 1945, a year before her death, she appeared in Tennessee Williams's *The Glass Menagerie,* and that was the last of her many attempts to be some person other than Peg. It was an impossible ambition. Once and for all she was typed. For a time Laurette Taylor drank too much, but this is not a "redemption" book. Her most memorable remark was made when playing bridge in England during a thunderstorm: "Here we are playing this devil's game with God's anger all around us." Her daughter's account of her life is crammed with the pitiful detail of success, a great big book about nothing that has any importance at all—just the story of a woman who wasted some of her life and talents, was very unhappy at times, and who created an American memory.

●

TELEVISION PLAYS, by Paddy Chayefsky. *Simon and Schuster. $3.75.*

THE LATE Professor Theodore Spencer of Harvard once suggested that the first-class writer of our century will use "an artistic form that is taken for granted by his audience." In Shakespeare's time the theater and the sonnet were taken for granted; in our time ". . . the movies and the radio are closer to our lives than anything on a page."

In some ways television is even closer, and Paddy Chayefsky, a very first-class writer, uses that form. Mr. Chayefsky, whose TV script called "Marty" has been made into a movie that was described in the last issue of this magazine, includes five of his other plays and some illuminating comments on his methods. Unfortunately, most of Mr. Chayefsky's plays have been performed only once; "on a page" they achieve at least some of the permanence they deserve.

●

THE SELECTED LETTERS OF ANTON CHEKHOV, edited by Lillian Hellman and translated by Sidonie K. Lederer. "The Great Letters Series." *Farrar, Strauss. $4.*

THESE LETTERS have all the interest one would expect to find in them. Chekhov could never write a stuffy letter. An impression that seems important—perhaps it is not —is that they remove Russia for a blessed hour or two from all the paralyzing political obsessions of

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our times. You come upon a letter dated from Yalta. What has Chekhov to say about Yalta? "Haymaking usually takes place from about the twentieth to the twenty-fifth of June, during which time it seems the corn crake and the frogs are over their summer music and are silent. Only the oriole can be heard." The letters are prefaced with a few pages of biographical notes on the people he wrote to. Here again there is this strange feeling that the commissars have disappeared. Chekhov writes to Suvorin, for instance. Suvorin is "the editor of the powerful, conservative, St. Petersburg newspaper, *New Times*." He writes to Maria Kiseleva, "wife of a rich and cultured country gentleman." Escapist literature.

●

THE SEAGULL ON THE STEP, by Kay Boyle. *Knopf. $3.50.*

OF LATE years Kay Boyle has been functioning as a bridge builder between Americans and Germans and French. She manages to do this without preaching, and one hopes that her books will be read abroad as well as here. The French may be somewhat surprised by the *Seagull*, in which the efforts to create a new and just society that inspired many of them at the time of the Resistance are depicted somewhat shrilly as still going on. No doubt they are —but quietly, and with few people being thrown off cliffs or poisoning their enemies, and with probably not a single cliff-hanging American heroine involved.

●

DIPLOMATIC CONCLUSIONS, by Roger Peyrefitte. *Vanguard. $3.50.*
THE BEST BUTTER, by Jean Dutourd. *Simon and Schuster. $3.50.*
FRANCE: THE TRAGIC YEARS 1939-1947, by Sisley Huddleston. *Devin-Adair. $5.*
VICHY: POLITICAL DILEMMA, by Paul Farmer. *Columbia. $5.50.*

WHAT the French are doing depends on what they did when France fell and on what the Germans did to them when they occupied France. During the war years the Gaullists—particularly those not engaged in military action—almost persuaded Americans that France fell because she deserved to fall. They talked about their country as the Russians talk about decadent capitalism. Not content with condemning the Vichy Government and the collaborationists, they reached the point of assigning a role of second-class citizen to every man, woman, and child who didn't fight in the maquis. That's the way things go in wartime and there is nothing to be done about it. Then, later, the picture has to be revised. But the trouble is that revisionism always goes to the other extreme: Vichy saved France and so forth.

The truth is not somewhere vaguely between Vichy and de Gaulle. The truth exists only in the individual actions of Frenchmen—no matter where they were during the war. A man is honorable or he is not. That being so, no one but God can judge the French during "the tragic years." We cannot read into men's hearts. Novelists however must try to do so. Both Roger Peyrefitte, who does not sound as if he had ever had anything to do with the Resistance, and Jean Dutourd, who was active in it, surprisingly agree that the French under the occupation were a sorry lot. Their books are sardonically witty. The damned are sometimes witty too.

Sisley Huddleston, a British correspondent who spent many long years in France, defends Pétain, a little too obtrusively on the grounds that he, Huddleston, remained in occupied France, and so why shouldn't a government remain there too? Of these four books only the one by an American is serious and fair. Paul Farmer knows that most of the men in Vichy "were neither heroes nor villains." His analysis illustrates the only method by which revisionism can be of value.

●

SECULARISM IS THE WILL OF GOD, by Horace M. Kallen. *Twayne Publishers. $4.*

DR. KALLEN reasons a good case for his seemingly paradoxical title, which is reminiscent of an old slogan he ridicules—"Communism Is Twentieth Century Americanism." Since he concedes that the *what* of God is unknowable, he might better have chosen *Secularism Is the American Way*, in support of which thesis he cites Franklin, Paine, Jefferson, and the inevitable de Tocqueville, and analyzes the key phrases of the Declaration of Independence.

This "philosophic inquiry" and "theologico-political tractate" on the renewed conflict over the relations of church and state is pretty rough going most of the way: The matter is empyrean, the vocabulary ("noetic," "agapastic") recondite, the syntax pluralistic, the punctuation pragmatic. But whether standing on his own heights or journeying over the Blanshard plains, the author makes it crystal clear that he equates Roman Catholic clericalism with Communism as subversive of the Open Society, with clericalism the more dangerous in his mind because it is rich and powerful.

Dr. Kallen's secularism is not merely anticlerical, however, and it goes beyond mere toleration (live and let live) to an orchestration of all creeds working together (live and help live); he equates it with democracy. His concept is a logical and even inspiring development of the philosophy of William James and John Dewey, with both of whom the author, now professor emeritus in the New School's graduate faculty, was intimately associated.

●

FORBIDDEN NEIGHBORS, by Charles Abrams. *Harper. $5.*

THE "forbidden neighbors" who have been denied fundamental rights through housing discrimination and segregation are minority groups—Negroes, Catholics, Jews, Puerto Ricans—who have come to our cities in waves of migration during the last century, seeking equality and freedom, and finding fences and "not welcome" signs.

Mr. Abrams, who is New York State Rent Administrator, explores and explodes the fallacies in the articulate prejudice of irresponsible business, real-estate, and civic groups and even in the Federal government, which are responsible for the slums that shame our cities and for the tensions that produce race riots.

On the basis of his own successful experience in interracial housing, Mr. Abrams proposes an educational and legislative program to combat the evils he has documented.

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IN THE PACIFIC off Vancouver Island, there is a stretch of water known as "The Zone of Silence." Because this area is acoustically dead, no sound can penetrate it. And since no siren or bell warns ships of dangerous reefs, the ocean floor is studded with wrecks.

The world of ideas and events also has its "Zone of Silence." Here too, everything is hushed, and unknown dangers lurk beneath the surface. This region too is generally feared, and many publications steer clear of it—but not THE REPORTER. THE REPORTER explores it as fully as possible, and then comes out to describe its dangers and tell you how they may affect you and your country.

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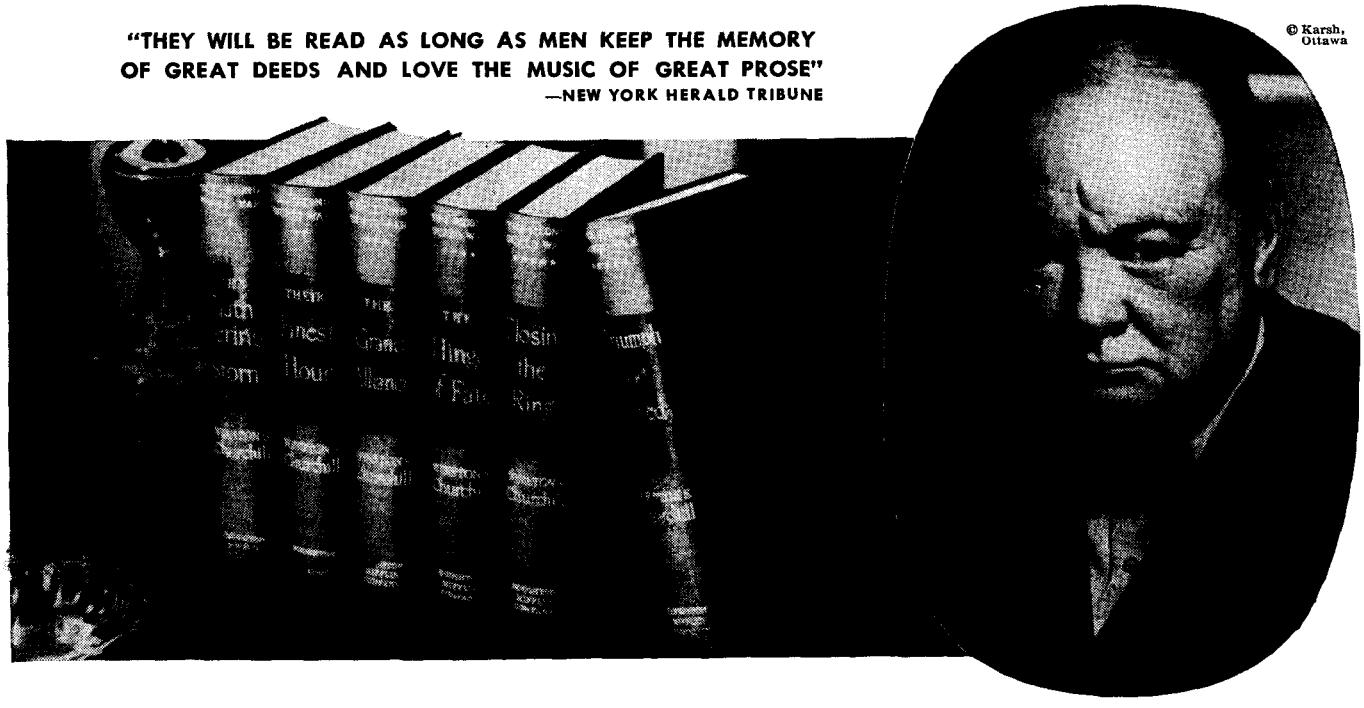

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